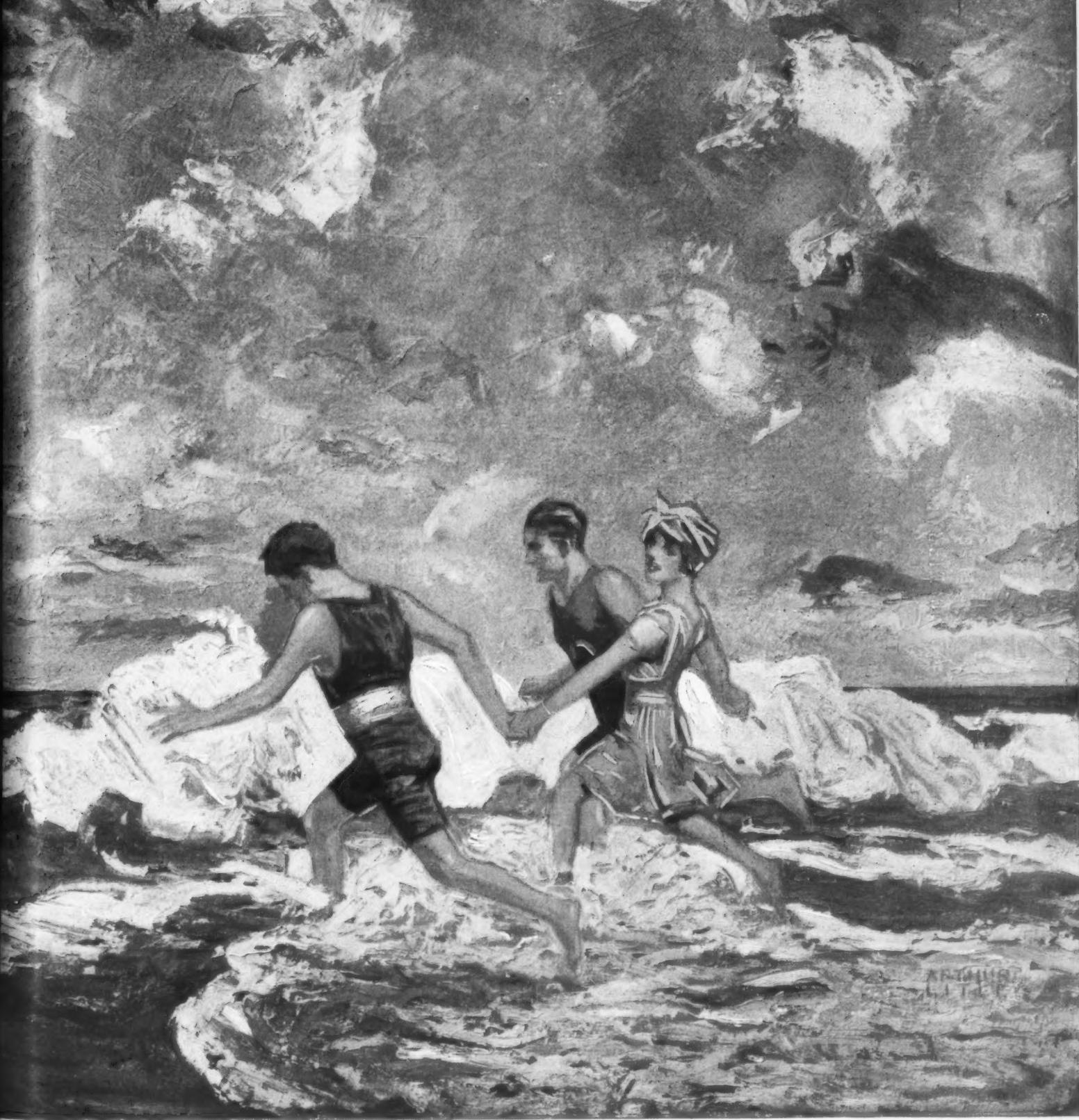


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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY





Franklin

TIRE TROUBLE IS NOT A FACTOR WITH THE FRANKLIN. LARGE TIRES, LIGHT WEIGHT AND RESILIENCY ELIMINATE THE ANNOYANCE AND EXPENSE OF BLOW-OUTS; EVEN PUNCTURES ARE RARE. TOTAL SERVICE PER SET OF TIRES BY ACTUAL REPORTS FROM OWNERS IS EIGHT TO TEN THOUSAND MILES WITH AN AVERAGE OF THREE THOUSAND MILES WITHOUT A PUNCTURE. FOUR CHASSIS SIZES AND TWELVE BODY STYLES INCLUDE TWO-, FOUR-, FIVE-, AND SEVEN-PASSENGER MODELS.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE N.Y.



As Safe as Electric Light
A Child Can Operate It

Cook with this Electric Range

Using electricity for lighting only is like using a telephone evenings and neglecting its daytime convenience. Use electricity for cooking also and you will begin to realize its twenty-four-hour serviceability.

The same marvelous force that produces light at the turn of a switch will likewise produce flameless heat for cooking. This manner of cooking is obviously as superior to other methods as electric light surpasses older illuminants. The era of electric cooking—Edison's dream—is here. Every family that owns an automobile can afford to cook with this Electric Range.

The G-E Electric Range is the culmination of years of experience of the largest electrical manufacturer in the world. Not until the G-E electric flatiron, toaster and single disk stoves were proved thoroughly practical by hundreds of thousands of satisfied users did this company produce the Electric Range.

This success is due primarily to the discovery of "Calorite," an indestructible secret metal-alloy that transforms electric current into heat. "Calorite," used exclusively in G-E products, made it possible to design this thoroughly practicable Electric Range.

The G-E Range boils, broils, roasts, toasts, fries and bakes like any modern range, the only difference being the heat is produced by electricity at the turn of a switch. The amount of heat wanted is regulated by indicating switches. The radiant heat broiler in the top of the large oven in addition to broiling meats can also be used to "brown" the roast, bread, cakes, etc.

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Denver	Maryland	Butte	Virginia
Connecticut	Baltimore	New York	Richmond
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3129



Twin Disk Hot Plate
Next in size and utility to the above range for electric cooking

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The Warner Auto-Meter is Recognized as the "Hall-Mark of QUALITY" on an Automobile

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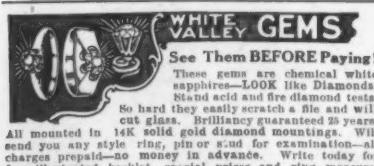


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Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 29

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Did it ever occur to you how familiar their names and trade-marks sound, and that you got them or had them sold to you because they were familiar?

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Manager Advertising Department

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How to reduce them

The Blood Supply of the Nose is comparatively poor, therefore does not keep the pores open as they should be.

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Begin tonight to use this treatment:

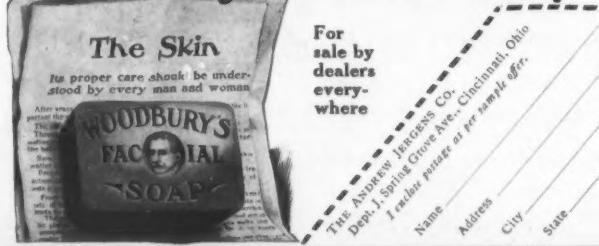
Wring a wash cloth from very hot water, lather with Woodbury's Facial Soap and hold it to your nose. Do this several times. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in a good lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub it in. Then rinse thoroughly in cold water.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.

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Woodbury's Facial Soap



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Facial Paste at per sample offer.
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Address _____
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1838
1911
Chicago

Excellence
Chicago



**CREAMED ASPARAGUS
CAULIFLOWER, GREEN PEAS**

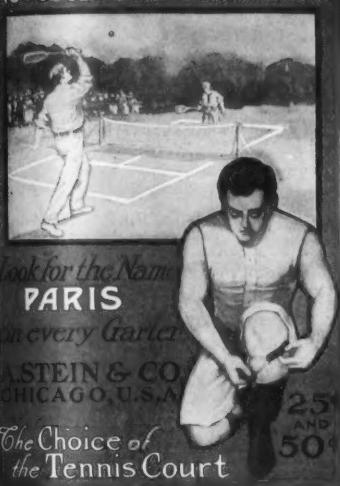
and many other vegetables, where milk is used in the cooking, are made creamy, rich, digestible, and are delightfully flavored by the use of

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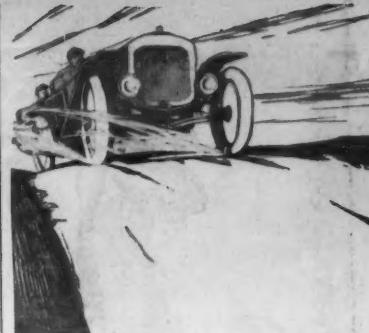
Collier's
Saturday, July 29, 1911

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VOLUME XLVII NUMBER 19

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	November 14, 1910 . . . Bought 15 Packard trucks

Packard Dealers and Service Depots
in 80 Cities. Catalog on Request

Packard Motor Car Company Detroit



The Devil among the Ladies

Verses and Drawings by Oliver Herford

V
WE can begin at once, if you
Will step this way." The giddy crew
Flocked after him like chickens
To where an effigy there hung
Of Uncle Sam with bells bestrewn
Like Fagin's doll in Dickens.

I
THE Devil seeking some new way
To kill eternity, one day
(So bored he was, in Hades)
Flew to Manhattan Isle to start
A Summer School to teach the art
Of Smuggling to Ladies.

II
HE opened in an uptown street
A Modiste's shop refined and neat
(The number doesn't matter),
Displaying in his window all
The Modes — Spring, Summer, Winter, Fall
(Especially the latter).

III
THE Ladies came in eager flocks,
And as he showed his Paris frocks,
With dexterous verbal juggling,
He lightly led the talk from *Modes*
To *Customs*—and the law that goads
An honest girl to smuggling.

IV
IF Uncle Sam for Revenue,
Dear Ladies, picks your pockets, you
The compliment should bandy.
Pray let me teach you how to pick
The spangled pockets of that slick
Avuncular old Dandy.



VII
THE news flew round and soon the crush
Was like a bargain-counter rush
Of frantic ladies struggling;
And soon the Devil was about
A hundred thousand dollars out
And closed his School of Smuggling.



VIII
EXCLAIMING, "I'm behind the age!"
He kicked the dummy in his rage.
"What's this—the bells don't jingle!"
And sure enough the bells were dumb,
Judicious use of chewing gum
Had stopped their tinkle-tingle.

IX
"HO! HO!" he laughed, "'tis plain to see
New York is too advanced for me.
I should have stayed in Hades;
For who the devil, pray, am I
In this enlightened age to try
My wits against the Ladies!"



"And soon the crush was like a bargain-counter rush"



Collier's

The National Weekly



Vol. *xlvii*, No. 19

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

July 29, 1911

Two Years

IT WILL BE EXACTLY TWO YEARS next Saturday since the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill became a law. Looking backward, do the Standpatters and beneficiaries who made that tariff find satisfaction in their work? To put the question in the terms in which they regard the tariff, have they made much money during the past two years? Have they, indeed, made any money at all? Would they not have done better to accept that reasonable and well-proportioned protection which was proposed by the Insurgents? Would they not have avoided the national resentment against a broken campaign promise, the determined agitation for another revision, the partial suspension of business, and the calamities, past and still to come, to the protective tariff party? Moreover, are the Standpatters too obtuse to popular sentiment to realize that the people to-day are determined to have a more radical lowering of the tariff than they would have been content with two years ago? To this series of interrogatories the obvious end is the question whether a Standpatter ever learns by experience.

A Public Servant

DR. WILEY has had much the same relation to the pure food movement that GIFFORD PINCHOT has had to forestry and conservation. Both of them have had minor offices, but by virtue of the ideas that possessed them they have overshadowed most of the cabinet members that were their contemporaries. Doubtless many of their official superiors and associates would have liked them better if they had been as other little bureaucrats—cautious slaves of routine to whom red tape is the most sacred thing in the world. ROOSEVELT was fond of men like WILEY and PINCHOT, and had the faculty of cheering them on; TAFT is made uncomfortable by them. But there is much more to the Wiley case than the mere fact that ideas and zeal have made him distasteful to routine-loving associates. Dr. WILEY three years ago insisted that the sort of whisky which is made overnight out of cologne spirits and caramel should be labeled "imitation whisky," and ROOSEVELT sustained him. When TAFT came in, he reversed the ruling on the ground that it "would injure one of the most important industries in the Ohio Valley." A good many important "industries" have been making trouble for Dr. WILEY for several years, and every well-informed person in Washington knows that he has been hampered and heckled to a degree which would have discouraged a less persistent man. If the present episode clears the atmosphere and frees his hands, it will have been worth the trouble. Incidentally, the Democratic committee which proposes to investigate the matter ought to be sure to find out exactly why Dr. WILEY's prosecution of Duffy's Malt Whiskey was suspended. And finally, it should be made clear that the offense with which Dr. WILEY is charged is the merest technicality, which the head of any business would dismiss without a thought.

Two Schools

WAS IT PRESIDENT JORDAN of Stanford who said the campus of the University of Wisconsin extended across the State? Men come from China and from the Mediterranean to study the methods of this seat of learning. That great university has been, by the persistent work of its friends, kept from the control of interests which might seek to affect its teaching. This picture ought to teach something to Minnesota, Wisconsin's neighbor State. The regency of Minnesota's university has been for years too largely made up of lumber barons and railroad officials. One of its most prominent regents is C. A. SMITH, who has been indicted by Federal grand juries in more than one State. He was indicted some years ago in his own State for timber trespassing. The prosecution was hushed, and it is doubtful if ten persons outside of the grand jury that indicted him know of the fact. He was the boldest and biggest of all the timber grabbers in Oregon. In his keeping, as a regent of the University of Minnesota, is the almost fabulous wealth of the timber and iron-ore fields, which are the property of the school fund of the State; yet this timber is small in amount compared to that which SMITH and BEN NELSON, another regent of the university and fellow worker with SMITH in timber-acquiring, have already secured for themselves from the State. SMITH's attorney, and the attorney for all of his lumber companies, is another regent of the university. PIERCE BUTLER, the leading railroad lawyer of the State, is another. The lumber and railroad interests ought to have nothing to do with the policy of the university.

July 29

Bribing a State

OF ALL THE STATES west of the Mississippi, the two which have been least touched by the Insurgent spirit are Utah and Wyoming. For the former there is a special reason; for Wyoming the explanation is contained in a brief compilation sent to us by a citizen of that State:

Town	Population	Federal Building
LANDER	1,812	\$157,000
CASPER	2,639	65,000
DOUGLAS	2,246	65,000

Try to imagine a town of less than two thousand people with a \$157,000 Federal Building. But, in addition to these, several yet smaller towns are in line: Basin has a population of 763, and \$6,000 has been appropriated as a start to buy the site for a Federal Building. Cody has 1,332 people and Green River 1,313; \$6,000 of Uncle SAM'S money has been appropriated for a site for a Federal Building in each. For illuminating comment on these plain figures, read the leading Standpat organ of the State, the Wyoming "Tribune":

To date the people of northern and central Wyoming have received, through the efforts of their delegation in Congress, direct expenditures of Government funds aggregating a grand total of over \$21,000,000. Our neighbor on the south—Colorado—has three post-office buildings, the best being inferior to the poorest one in Wyoming. The answer to the above is that Colorado has been changing its delegation, while Wyoming hasn't—and this comparison points out its own unmistakable moral.

Moral, indeed! There are few cases of political degradation more sordid than this. Do the people of Wyoming fatuously think that they get these public buildings without paying for them? If they want to know just what is the coin they give, let them examine the votes of their one Congressman and two Senators on any vital matter, the direct election of Senators, for example, or the retention of LORIMER.

The Presidential Preference Primaries

SENATOR BOURNE'S National Progressive Republican League has been making quiet progress. Five States have adopted the plan of direct Presidential primaries, the plan, that is to say, whereby each Republican voter will say whether he wants TAFT or LA FOLLETTE or some one else as the Republican candidate for President, and each Democrat will be enabled to express his preference similarly, instead of leaving the matter, as in the past, to the party bosses. The dates of these primaries will be:

NORTH DAKOTA, March 19; WISCONSIN, April 2; NEBRASKA, April 17;
OREGON, April 19; NEW JERSEY, May 28

This list suggests that these early tests of sentiment will look more favorable to LA FOLLETTE than to TAFT, and in favor of WILSON as against HARMON.

Uncle Sam's Farm Studies

FROM APRIL 15 TO JULY 10, this year, a man who asked to be put on the mailing list of the United States Department of Agriculture received thirty-one bulletins based on thorough expert investigation of the subjects discussed. Consider some of the subjects:

Dust Prevention and Road Preservation	Wooden and Fiber Boxes
Better Grain-Sorghum Crops	Douglas Fir
The Olympic National Forest	Hydrophobia
Shrinkage of Corn in Storage	Mosquitoes
Clover Growing	Malaria
Draft Horses	Japan Clover
The Velvet Bean	Crops for Alkali Land
Grimm Alfalfa	Onion Seeds and Sets
Bees	Spraying Peaches
Control of Blowing Soils	Food Customs and Diet
Drawn and Undrawn Poultry	Hog Houses
Capons	Cabbage
	Winter Oats

Uncle SAM is not only a generous publisher, but also, nowadays, a good editor. Practically every one of those thirty-one bulletins represents a skilful condensation, and they are plainly and attractively written. It is perfectly obvious, always seasonable, advice we are going to offer: By all means, if country living and farm problems interest you, subscribe to these publications of the Department of Agriculture.

Stocks as Gamblers' Chips

AN EXCELLENT ILLUSTRATION of the wisdom of the advice to investors to leave stocks alone is contained in the recent history of the big Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company. This company was incorporated in 1895, and has had a good business history. With a total capitalization of nearly \$46,000,000, paying 8 per cent on \$18,000,000 of preferred stock, it has accumulated a surplus of nearly \$10,000,000. Last fall the Stock Exchange gamblers took hold of the common stock, then paying 3 per cent, and began to "make a market" for it. Much comment about the great value behind the common stock was published. Finally, the directors raised the dividend rate to 5 per cent. The price of the common stock kept rising. Next, the stock was listed on a certain part of the French Stock Exchange. This fact was used to boost the common stock on the New York Exchange. From 47 last year the price rose to 66, and in March of this year the high mark of 70 $\frac{1}{2}$ was reached. Then came the report that the company's statement of earnings for 1910 had been misunderstood. Instead of a comfortable surplus above dividend requirements, there was actually a deficit of about half a million. Great surprise on the Stock Exchange! Followed grave statements concerning the future of the fertilizer business generally, and of the Virginia-Carolina Company in particular. Common stock began to tumble very fast from its price of 70 $\frac{1}{2}$. Rather than draw upon the \$10,000,000 surplus to meet dividend requirements, the directors cut the common-stock dividend to 3 per cent. On the day in July on which this is written the stock can be bought for 55 $\frac{3}{4}$. What the French, who are a nation of real investors, think of this exhibition of stock manipulation can not be translated. What it spells to the real investor in America is plain—stocks are, very largely, mere chips, to be used by our big gamblers at their convenience.

Joint-Snakes and Hazel Wands

TWO LETTERS TO THE EDITOR are humbly turned over to that board of saper-editors, our readers. They have stirred us strangely. Touching in their sincerity, redolent of the soil and the country where we ourselves should like to be, they whisper of vacations come again, of city dwellers, stumped and bewildered as usual in the face of nature's simple realities. One of these inquirers has just heard for the first time of the famous glass or joint snake. He has its description from a Southern lady, a native of Tennessee, where, it seems, the joint-snake is often found:

According to her, you hit the snake with a stick and it breaks in two. The head and forward part of the body wriggle away. Then you hide behind a rock—as she says she has often done in her native wilds—and presently the forward section returns, backs up to the rear section like a switch-engine, as it were, hitches on, and away goes Mr. Snake as good as new. She described with great circumstantial detail the construction of the joint, and the little knobs which click over one another, although, so far as she could discover, there was no spinal cord or nerve connection between the two parts.

The other appeal is from a New Yorker who has had his first experience with the hazel-wand test for water. He was spending the week-end at a country place in Westchester when the test took place.

They cut a Y-shaped hazel branch, the arms of the Y being about eighteen inches long, and the bottom part possibly three or four inches. Mr. —— grasped the arms of the Y, with the bottom part pointing upward, and walked slowly back and forth over the ground where he wished to sink his well. At a certain point he stopped, and, although he gripped the twig until his knuckles cracked, it turned irresistibly over and pointed downward. The architect who accompanied him during this astonishing rite had the same experience. I tried, but was unsuccessful, yet I have every reason to believe, from subsequent discussions, that these gentlemen were not engaged in a plot to josh me. My own suggestion is that in this case, as in the case of the ouija-board, it is difficult to tell sometimes, once motion is started, whether the operator is pushing or being pulled. The well digger in this case was a hard-headed expert accountant who assures me that he has invariably employed the hazel method. Now, I don't care about the efficacy of the test—the chances are that they would find water anyway. But I saw the branch pulled down, with my own eyes, and what I want to know is: what pulled it? Have scientists got anything to say about it?

This is a realm into which no mere editor will venture offhand. Things that people believe in without knowing why are dangerous to meddle with. We should be glad to hear from any of our readers who have had experience with magic wands and detachable snakes.

By Any Other Name

JJUDGES AS A RULE confine themselves to the law, but occasionally they make interesting excursions into the realm of history and fact. Judge VANN of the New York Court of Appeals, in deciding recently against an insurance company which refused to pay a policy because the name given by its applicant was not his real name, pointed out the mutability of names. In England, he said, surnames were unknown until about the tenth century. The son of JOHN became JOHNSON, or some personal peculiarity suggested such surnames as BLACK, WHITE, GOOD, GAY, and so on. REMBRANDT's father had the surname GERRETZ, but the son changed it to VAN RYN on account of its greater dignity. A predecessor of HONORÉ DE BALZAC was born a GUEZ, meaning beggar. When he became conscious of his powers as a writer, BALZAC selected the surname by which he is known, from an estate that he owned. MELANCHTHON, VOLTAIRE, MOLIÈRE, DANTE, PETRARCH, RICHELIEU, LOYOLA, ERASMUS, and LINNÆUS were all assumed names. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE changed his name "after amazing victories had lured him toward a crown." The Duke of Wellington was not a WELLESLEY, but

a COLLEY. General GRANT's baptismal name was HIRAM ULYSSES, and he bore that name until he was appointed a cadet at West Point. General HAMER, who nominated him for a cadetship, by some means confused his name with that of his brother. He was appointed as ULYSSES SIDNEY GRANT, and the name once recorded on the books of the military academy could not be changed. HERBERT LYTHE became famous as MAURICE BARRYMORE; JOHN H. BRODRIBB became HENRY IRVING; SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, MARK TWAIN; and CHARLES R. BROWNE, ARTEMUS WARD. HENRY M. STANLEY's real name was JOHN ROWLANDS. There is nothing at common law to prohibit a man from taking another name than that of his father.

Friday Night

FRIDAY HAS COME to have more than its share of odium. It is Bad Luck Day, Fish Day, and Amateur Night. It is appalling to picture how on Friday night the country resounds with taunts, catcalls, whistles, and jeers. As the sun flees westward from the Atlantic-Coast, as early as 7:30 o'clock, some of the film-show and roof-garden audiences have begun to rail at the week's batch of "amateurs." By 8:30 the storm of protest is beginning to rumble through the Mississippi Valley. A Bowery burlesque house is believed to have been the originator of Amateur Night. In the nature of the Bowery audience are traits which cause their possessors to speak always audibly and straight from the heart—"Kill 'im!" "Don't let it suffer!" "Aw, cut that stuff!" or "Give 'er a chanet, boys!" A shepherd's crook of great dimensions was constructed after a time to jerk victims away when they failed to sense promptly enough popular censure of their art. To-day, "Get the hook" is a vital idiom of Americana.

Locking the Door Too Late

AFTER THE RECENT DISASTER in New York City in which over one hundred and fifty girls were burned to death so many contributions poured in that subscriptions had to be stopped. Indifferent New York alone sent in nearly \$100,000 to offset, so far as money could, its own neglect. The National Child Labor Committee, which works to prevent the conditions that make such tragedies possible, asked a New York business man shortly after the disaster for a contribution. The gentleman regretted that he could not respond to the appeal. "If it were a case of real suffering," he said, "like the appeal for the Washington Place fire victims, I should be glad to contribute. But it seems to me that our American children are pretty well taken care of already." In reply the secretary told of the committee's work in Florida, where for six years it has been fighting to get even a moderate law to protect little working children. The oyster-packing industry fought the bill, he said, with the argument that five- and six-year-old children working in the oyster packing houses need no protection. He also explained that the sharp oyster shells cut fingers, that shrimps secrete an acid which eats away the skin, and that these children, sent by the shipload from the truck gardens of Maryland and Delaware, work in camps without school or church or sanitary comforts. One Southern State works ten-year-old children in its cotton mills sixty-six hours a week. In one Western cotton mill, out of 375 children, 355 can not read or write. Most of the shirt-waist makers who were burned in Washington Place were themselves child laborers ten or fifteen years ago. Nearly every one was working to keep a younger brother or sister in school. The secretary pointed out that his committee had improved child labor laws in thirty-nine States in seven years, yet its campaign in twenty-two States this year had been conducted on a budget of less than \$55,000! It is interesting to compare this with the \$100,000 which New York was only too glad to contribute after it was too late. "Millions for relief," as Governor WILSON has put it, "but not a dollar for prevention has been the policy of American philanthropy." It is difficult for the public sympathies to be stirred except by dramatic facts. People are not willing to sit down and seriously think. It is reassuring to know that in this case the business man sent in his check.

Easy Come, Easy Go

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED," asks a suffering salaried man, "the advertisements of 'California, the Land of Plenty; the Land of Milk and Honey, and of Cheap Living'?" He sends a list of prices of necessities for the Kern Valley (Bakersfield and Kern) and south as far as San Diego, and begs us please remember that the articles quoted here are *California-raised* and not shipped in from the East:

Potatoes, \$3.50 per hundredweight.	Asparagus, 15c. per pound.
Flour, \$3.50 per hundredweight.	Cauliflower, 10c. per head.
Butter, 40c. per pound.	Cabbages, 5c. per head.
Milk, 10c. per quart.	Walnuts, 40c. per pound.
Eggs, 40c. to 60c. per dozen.	Mexican beans, 8 1-3c. per pound.
Apricots, 20c. for two-pound can.	Rhubarb, 15c. per pound.
Cherries, 20c. per pound.	Olive oil, 50c. per pint bottle.
Prunes, 15c. per pound.	Olives, second grade, 40c. per quart.
Turkeys, \$3 to \$5 each.	Cheese, 40c. per pound.
Chickens, small, 50c.; medium, 75c. to \$1.	Wood, \$18 per cord.
Oranges, 30c. to 40c. per dozen.	Barley hay, \$20 per ton.
Grapefruit, 60c. per dozen.	Oat hay, \$25 per ton.
Apples, 5c. per pound.	Rolled barley, \$2 per hundredweight.
Sugar, 8 1-3c. per pound.	Lumber, No. 1 com., \$37.50 per M. ft. B.M.

Kern County and Bakersfield are not for the salaried man, but the oil kings do flourish. Californians would probably explain that wealth comes so easily in the Golden State that you don't mind expense.

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WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

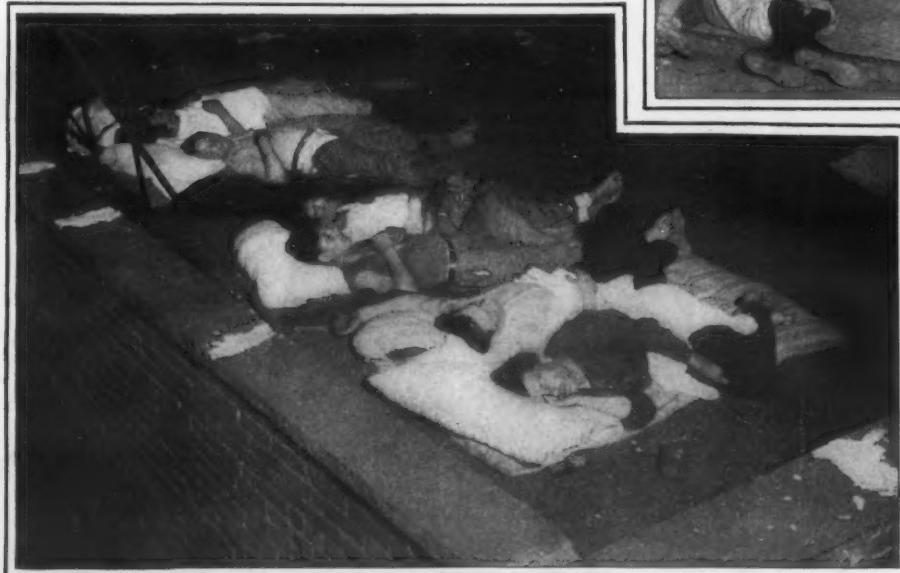
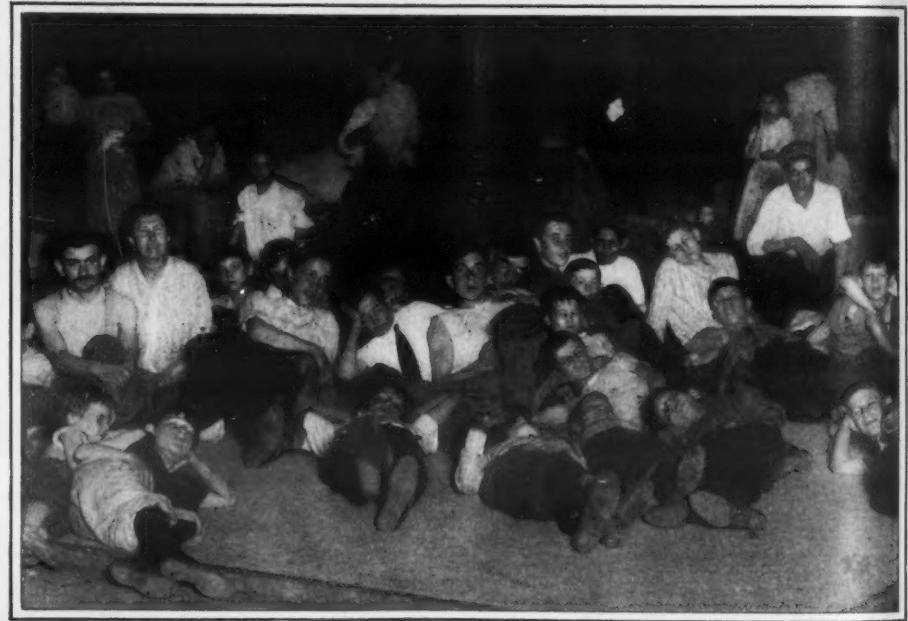
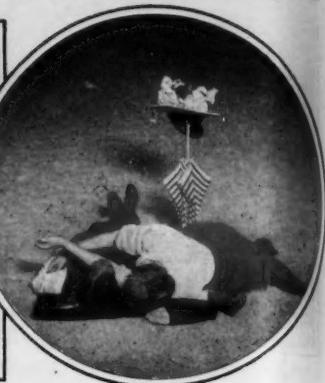
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



Charles T. Weymann Winning the Race for the International Aviation Cup at Sheppery Island, England, on July 1

Aviator Weymann, who was sole competitor for America, made a new record, covering the 94 miles in 71 minutes 36 1-5 seconds, or at an average speed of slightly more than 78 miles an hour. Alfred Le Blanc, representing France, driving a Blériot monoplane, was second, his time being only about two minutes slower than that of Weymann, who drove a 100-H. P. Nieuport monoplane. Weymann, who is only 21 years old, won \$5,000 and the silver trophy, which was the gift of James Gordon Bennett. It was first won by Glenn H. Curtiss at Reims in 1909, being captured the following year at Belmont Park, New York, by Claude Grahame-White, the English aviator

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



City Dwellers Driven to Streets and Parks by the Heat

The protracted heat wave, which covered practically the whole North American Continent, caused great suffering and loss of life during the first two weeks in July. According to the Weather Bureau statistics new records were made in scores of cities, and the deaths directly due to the heat wave exceeded any two weeks for which records have been kept. In New York alone 493 people died from the heat during the three weeks ending July 15, as compared with 77 for the same period in 1910. Residents of the cities were driven to all kinds of expedients to escape the heat within doors. Houstops, city parks, and even the sidewalks and doorways were dotted with occupants night after night. In many sections the thermometer reached the 100 mark for three or four successive days and all over the continent many deaths were reported resulting from the great heat. In several cities the heat wave was accompanied by a scarcity of milk and ice which helped to increase the great suffering.

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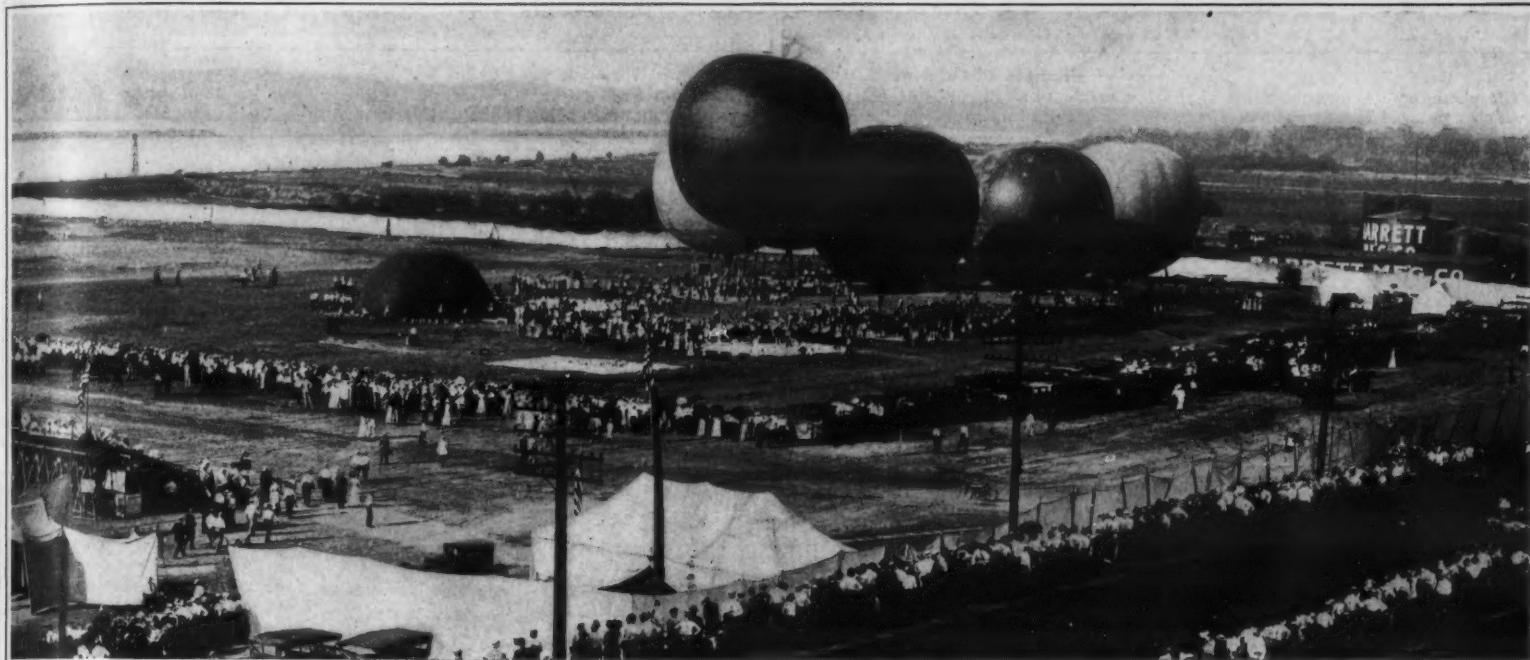
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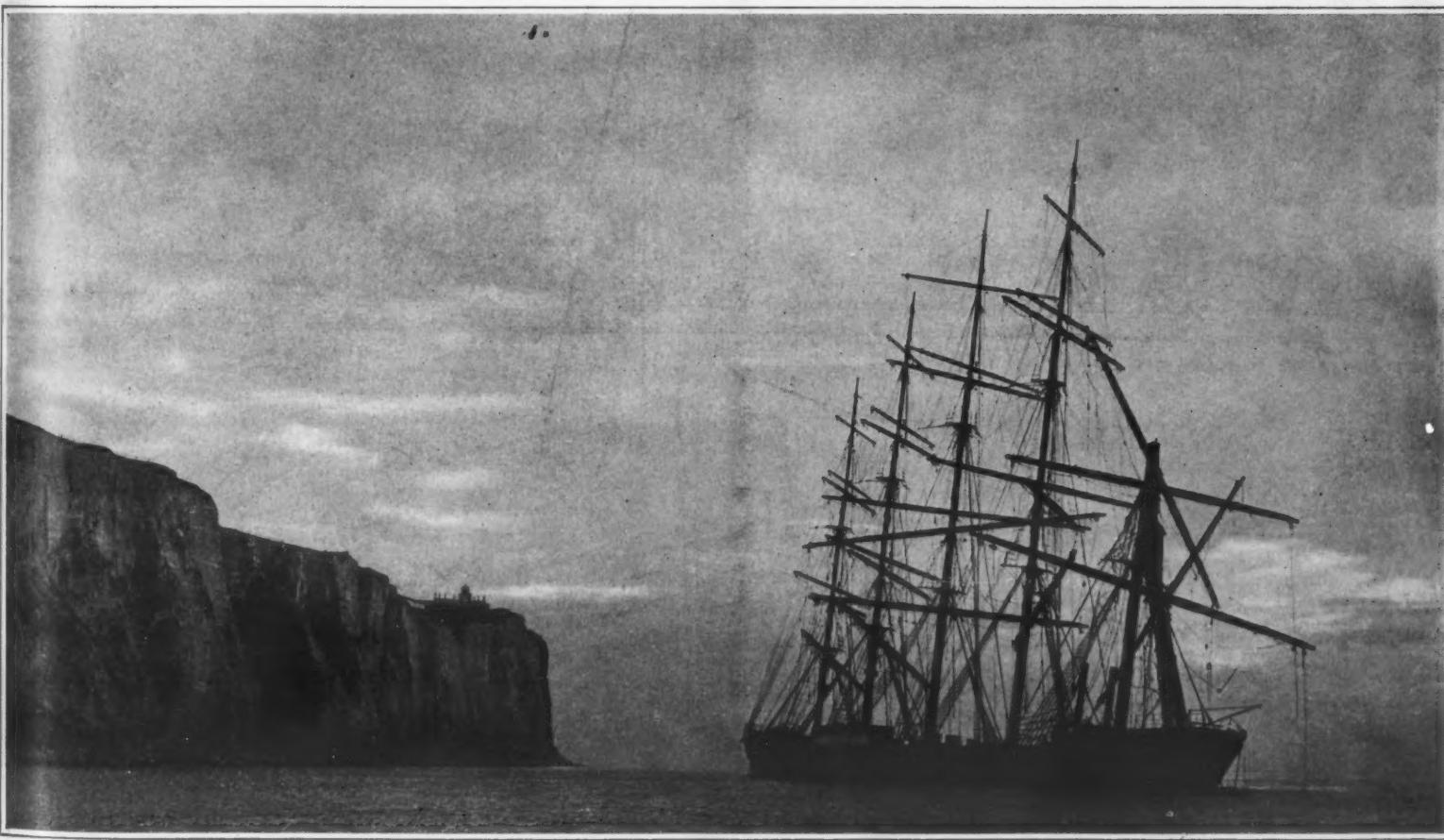
A RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



Atwood Leaving the White House Grounds after His Call on President Taft, Who Presented Him with a Medal on Behalf of the Aero Club of Washington
On July 14 Atwood, the Boston aviator, completed the last leg of his Boston to Washington flight by flying from College Park to the south lawn of the White House



The Start of the Elimination Balloon Race at Kansas City, Missouri, on July 10, Which Was Won by Lieutenant F. P. Lahm
Lieut. Lahm, with Lieut. Hart as aid, piloting the St. Louis IV, was in the air for 23 hours and 26 minutes and covered 470 miles, landing near Lapaz Junction, Indiana



One of the Competitors in the Circuit-of-Europe Flight Soaring Over the Wrecked Preussen Off the Cliffs of Dover
On July 3 eleven aviators completed the seventh stage of the European circuit race by flying from Calais, France, across the Straits of Dover to Hendon, England

Latest Achievements of the World's Airmen

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



The Site of the Town of Oscoda, Michigan, Which Was Destroyed by Fire

The photograph shows the ruins of the Iosco County Savings Bank and the chimney of H. M. Loud & Sons' lumber mill. Congressman Loud is the head of this firm, which employed eighty per cent of the labor in Oscoda and Au Sable, the only other industry of the town being fishing. Oscoda and Au Sable will be rebuilt as one town.



The Ruins of the Au Sable Business District after the Fires of July 16-18

Two hundred and sixty-five refugees reached Detroit, but only seven deaths from fire were reported in northern Michigan, although several towns had not been heard from.



ON June 22 word reached Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, California, that a Mexican Federal force was marching on Tia Juana, and a request was received for more troops to do patrol work. The rebel force, numbering 105, retreated to the international boundary, where they surrendered to the United States troops. Among the prisoners was "General" Mosby, a deserter from the Marine Corps.

Bringing the Mexican rebel prisoners to Fort Rosecrans after the battle near Tia Juana

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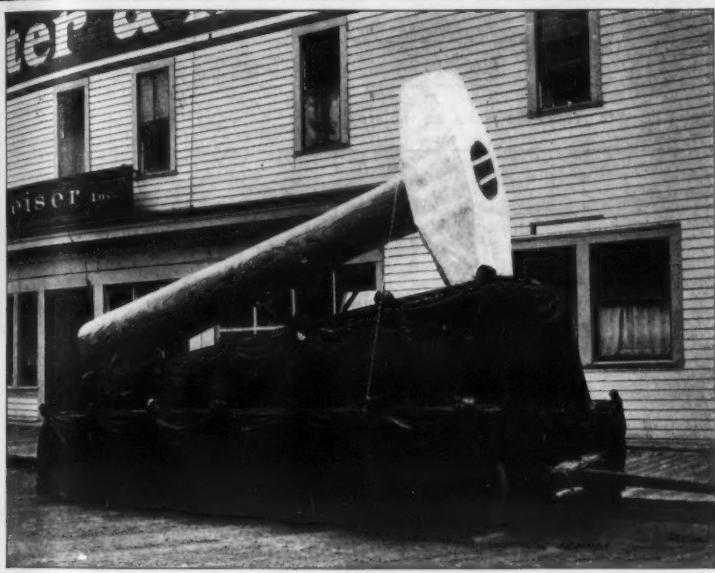
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A RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



The Reproduction of Fort Astoria on the Grounds of the Astoria Centennial Celebration

The celebration at Astoria, Oregon, commemorates the first settlement of the Northwest by white men. A trading party from New York, financed by John Jacob Astor, sailed up the Columbia River in April, 1811. In connection with the centennial celebration there will be held historical parades, marine pageants, and an aviation meet.



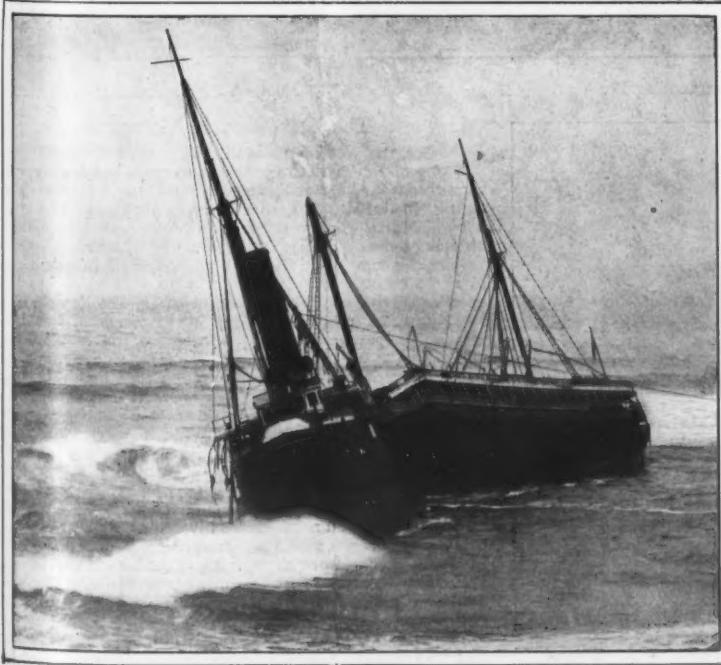
Seattle Business Men Cremate the Emblem of "The Knocker"

July 1, 3,000 Seattle business and professional men followed a catafalque bearing a thirty-two-foot-long hammer and, preceded by a band playing funeral dirges, they marched to one of the city squares, where it was burned to ashes.



Indicted Lumber Men Ride as Prisoners in Fourth of July Parade

Charles P. Chase and Ernest N. Bagg, both under indictment in the suit against the lumber trust, wearing prison stripes, rode in a steel cell. The float bore the inscription: "Local members of the alleged lumber trust getting free board."



On the Beach off Point Concepcion, California

The Santa Rosa of the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. lies broken into two sections



Fourteen People Killed in the Wreck of the Federal Express at Bridgeport, Conn.

Running at sixty miles an hour, the train plunged down an embankment

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



El Merani, the Moorish chieftain, leading his picturesque band of tribesmen across the plains on the way to Fez



Major Brémond, who relieved Fez



In one of the trenches surrounding Fez



Muley Ali, a European sympathizer

The Rebellion in Morocco

FOR many weeks Morocco, and more particularly the city of Fez, was the scene of an episode which at one time threatened serious international complications. The Sultan, Mulai Hafid, was besieged in his capital at Fez by a coalition of Berber tribesmen. They were kept from entering the city by rapid-fire guns and occasional sorties by the cavalry. The Sultan's troops were in command of the French general Mangin, who was called to the defense of the capital on March 22. Great anxiety was felt for the safety of the European residents at Fez, and France despatched a flying column to the relief of the city from the port of Rabat. Major Brémond, commanding a force of 25,000 Moorish troops that had remained faithful to the Sultan of Morocco, attempted to make his way to Fez from Tangier and was continually attacked on the way by tribesmen and further retarded by severe storms which made traveling almost impossible. The gallant Major, however, finally reached Fez after fighting several battles. He was already in the town when General Moinier, who was in charge of the French troops at Casablanca, arrived with a mixed force of Shawai tribesmen and French soldiers numbering 4,000. Muley Ali, whose photograph appears above, was of great service to the Europeans during the siege. He was continually using his influence to pacify the mutinous troops. Mulai el Zin had been proclaimed Sultan by the rebel soldiers, but he surrendered to General Moinier and was granted a parole upon his representation that he had been forced into the position by his followers. Most of the tribesmen were armed with flintlocks, but some had modern rifles which had been smuggled in to them.



Camels carrying guns and ammunition across the River Warge during the march from Rabat

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The American Newspaper

A Study of Journalism in Its Relation to the Public

By WILL IRWIN

XV.—The Voice of a Generation

Being the final article in this series. The remedies proposed for the abuses of our press, and their general futility. The danger in stricter legislation. The limitations of an endowed press; the impracticability of the "adless newspaper." The older generation, and the means by which it keeps young talent from the control of newspapers. The "right of protest" in the Associated Press as a bar to newcomers in the publishing field. "In the profession itself lies our hope"

LOGICALLY, I should close this series with a view of the present state of American journalism. It is impossible, however, to do that with fairness and certitude. No one can state his own period in terms of time and eternity. His eyes are too near the object. Then, too, there is a special difficulty. This is a transition period. In American journalism, as in American statecraft, we are sloughing off dead skin; and the new is not yet hardened to use. Spite of the evils and excesses in our journalism, the curve of progress appears to run upward. In all matters of technique—even in the writing of editorials—we have improved vastly. We may have no Julian Ralph or Murat Halstead reporting news, no Horace Greeley or Arthur McEwen writing editorials; but we have a vast body of university-trained reporters, skilled to perceive truth closely and record it accurately, a great body of university-trained editorial writers, informed in the sound principles of economics and sociology. The art of "editing" has advanced; it shows greater discrimination, a broader point of view. Twenty years ago certain stock stories were always "good," and certain other classes of news which the public likes—and should like—were ignored. At that time any murder was news, and any hanging, no matter how remote or uninteresting, called for space on the front page.

Our Broadening Horizon

FOREIGN news was scanty, and, except in the greatest newspapers, generally trivial to a ridiculous degree. The yellows, it is true, brought in the "personal note," which is three-fourths low curiosity; and from the time that the yellow flood overflowed, great public measures have generally occupied scantier space. Yet the handling of such news is more intelligent. To print the debates on reciprocity in full, as the old-age newspaper would have done, avails less with a busy people than to print the general drift of the speeches, the general sentiment of Congress, together with the high points in the debate, as when one Congressman makes a telling point or drops a felicitous phrase. All technique has advanced. Our newspapers are sharper, quicker, more moderate, nearer to the truth and to sound principles of sociology, than the newspaper of twenty or thirty years ago. We may have less genius, but we have more trained and specialized talent. If you doubt this, ask not the veteran newspaper man, who must look at his sturdy years, as all men do, through rose-mists. Just consult the files.

In the "invasion of private right," which means the publication of stories and details in stories which wound sensitive individual feelings, there has been, it would seem, little change in bulk. The yellow influence, on the one hand, lowered standards in this respect, while on the other the advent of writers and editors better educated, better trained, improved it. If our newspapers, following the yellow custom, are more likely to dig up and print the intimate details of such events as divorces, separations, bank failures, and crimes, they are less abusive to their antagonists. No politician, whatever the cause of irritation, would draw nowadays such volleys of billingsgate as the Republican newspapers fired at Grover Cleveland.

The swollen size of our newspapers is a problem which concerns the craft, after all, more than the public. The reduction of the spruce and hemlock forests, from which we get our wood-pulp, must in the end reduce the number of pages. At present the editor, especially in his Sunday edition, may shoot wide at broad targets; he may print a great deal of matter which interests only a class of people here

newspapers and, correspondingly, more tersely written ones.

Concerning the ultimate honesty of journalism and its higher function—to guard popular rights—one may speak with little certainty. Undoubtedly, the direct sale of columns is now somewhat uncommon where once it was flagrant. Undoubtedly the custom of taking subsidies from politicians has been cast off

by most great city dailies, although it is still a curse of the country press; undoubtedly the yellow influence made our newspapers better disposed—whether sincerely or no—to expose the evils of the body politic, to let in that light which Emerson called "the best policeman." On the other hand, the dishonesty, conscious or unconscious, arising from necessarily close relations with capital and the owners of capital, has grown. I have written five articles in vain if I have not made clear how its own finances are a menace to the freedom of the press. That is the point of perplexity; that is the disease which the public must help the free journalist to cure.

By what means, then, may we direct this new force into its proper relation toward progressive civilization? How shall we curb its audacities, check its unfair violation of private right, while leaving it free to fight the common enemy and to tell necessary truth?

No Gag Laws

THE first and most obvious proposal, of course, is stricter legislation. Those who urge that the law should take the newspaper in hand are usually those who see nothing wrong about our newspapers except the "violation of privacy." Let us amend our laws of libel and contempt of court, they say—broaden their scope, increase their penalties, stretch them somehow so as to make intimate and personal details exempt from newspaper publication. We have even reactionaries who would return to British common law, and make it illegal to publish certain news harmful to the individual until the police or the courts have officially approved its truth.

Any particular law may be meat for the English and poison for the Americans. Law is the last resort of society, the ultimate social corrective when all others have failed. For many evils which beset us, the English have their unofficial correctives of custom and habit. For example, most laws need be

less strictly and minutely drawn with them than with us, since the orderly Englishman by habit obeys the letter and spirit of the law, while the American, with his tradition of Yankee independence and smartness, tries to take advantage of the letter to violate the spirit. Again, he of the stiff, steel-hearted mother-race has, in his unyielding code concerning his tiny personal rights, a method of correction which is lacking in American society.

The corresponding function, with us, has been generally assumed by our unhampered press. England has never been "muckraked" in the American sense; how much of what we call "graft" exists there, we do not exactly know. Certainly, they have a good deal of anointed and consecrated graft, accepted as the prerogative of the exalted hundredth by the flunkey-



The New Journalism

Youth: "I'll take the pen—they want to hear from ME now"

and there. In the day of the inevitable reduction, he must try to make every story tell—to select nothing which will not interest nearly every one. Indeed, the era of reduction is already at hand; and it would have arrived long ago but for the advertisements. Even that consideration will not halt the shrinkage long. The advertiser buys "display"; and display is relative, not absolute. It does not matter whether the chief advertiser buys half a page or a full page, so long as he gets twice as much space as his largest competitor. The ninth article of this series carried a facsimile of Ehrich's three-quarter-column advertisement in the seventies and Gimbel's page advertisement in 1911. Each was the largest single "ad" of the issue. Now it is probable that Ehrich got about as much advertising value, to the unit of circulation, as Gimbel. We shall probably see smaller

hearted lower and middle classes. With equal certainty I may say that such wrongs as the railroad "cinch" in New England and California, the Standard Oil "cinch" the country over, could not have grown up in England, because the English would never have permitted the evasions of law by which they obtained their hold. But given that such evils should find root in England, there is little power in the English press to uproot them—for their villains and schemers are people in private life, and the smallest printed offense against an individual in private life may be a wrong under English law. By our deplorable attitude toward law have these evils grown up among us; by the freedom granted our press are they in process of correction. Ida M. Tarbell's "History of Standard Oil" started the fight on that monopoly. Never was a contemporaneous history so temperately and accurately written. Yet her mildest chapter contained a dozen statements which would have constituted a wrong under English law; under that law Miss Tarbell could have been sent to prison on successive convictions for the term of her natural life. Had we such laws as the British enforce and glorify, John D. Rockefeller might have brought action against nearly every newspaper in this country.

What Would Happen to Us

COLLIER'S has, we flatter ourselves, performed some service to the commonwealth by throwing light on certain rubbish heaps of the body social. Under English law, Mr. Adams's patent medicine exposés which stopped the poisoning of a great part of our people, would have brought convictions enough to go around among the editors and leave a few over for the printers and pressmen. And never did we need this journalistic freedom so much as now; never before would the brake on journalism which English law enforces have worked so much harm. For we are in such a curious stage of our social evolution that the enemies of the people, the generals and chiefs of privilege, are not our elected and appointed representatives, but men in "private" life, so situated that they could entrench themselves behind any law drawn on the English plan. This is no time to prate to us of gag laws for our press.

A few features of foreign libel laws we might copy without fettering any honest editor. Germany, for example, has a good statute concerning retractions. The individual who, either through the carelessness

or bad design of the editor, is the victim of a published untruth, may obtain an apology of equal space and prominence with the original statement. In this country the rule, all but universal, is to "play down" the retraction. A newspaper will publish a false and damaging statement in three columns on the front page. Being forced to eat its words either to avoid a libel suit or to mitigate damages, it will print the retraction in six lines at the bottom of a remote column. Every newspaper man knows that certain people with no reputation to lose rejoice over a newspaper libel against them as over a prize in a lottery—it is a chance for easy money. Every newspaper man knows also how reluctant are those of real pride and respectability to sue for libel. A retraction of prominence equal to the original story is what they want; and there is no reason in all justice why they should not have it.

The "endowed press" was, ten years ago, a favorite remedy with theorists. Let us have, they said, some national newspapers, supported by private philanthropy, which can afford to publish not what the public wants, but what it should have. A few newspapers endowed on this system would probably do a certain amount of good. But one major difficulty, and two minor ones, present themselves. Who, in the first place, would give the endowment? Some Carnegie or Rockefeller, doubtless. The unavoidable sycophancy of mankind would connect the editors of such a publication to the donor's point of view. From no newspaper endowed by Andrew Carnegie could we expect fair treatment of another Homestead strike; and no newspaper endowed by Rockefeller would fail in respect to 26 Broadway and its allied interests. Our endowed universities are cowards in the presence of capital. Could we expect more of the endowed newspaper?

Again: those who propose the endowed newspaper, like those who would strengthen our press laws, have proved that they recognize, after all, only one evil in the popular press—its publication of matter which hurts people's feelings and is inimical to good taste. Their ideal is something like the older New York "Evening Post." I have already shown the flaw in that admirable kind of journalism, the danger to democracy in a review of the world which ignores the ugly. It is so easy, in any organization of society, to lift a part and to degrade the mass; so easy to create a state consisting of an aristocracy and a

helot mob! It is much more difficult to lift the whole mass; yet that is the idea of democracy. The masses will not take such a newspaper, any more than they will now take the "Evening Post" or the Boston "Transcript." It must remain a class publication. And what we need is not more class publications, but more sane and honest popular newspapers, like the Kansas City "Star," which tell the truth in the language of the people.

Finally, the theorists have assumed that the newspaper occupies the same relation to society as the theater and the opera. Since an endowed theater in Europe has elevated—if not purified—the state of the Continental drama, why should not an endowed newspaper elevate American journalism? These theorists forget that while the drama is purely a luxury, the newspaper is primarily a necessity. Although it serves to spread the taste and desire for culture through the masses, it is nevertheless concerned mainly with economic and political needs; it is not an ornament to the cornice of society, but a girder in the frame-work. It is part of the workaday world; it will serve best if it is free to fight its own way toward perfection, to maintain its own athletic relations to the other forces of society.

The "Adless Newspaper"

THE newspaper endowed by its subscribers, the stock held in blocks of one share, has been suggested, has even been tried in Europe, with doubtful results. When the public becomes sufficiently well educated concerning journalism, learns what its real failings are, such an experiment may succeed to a limited degree in this country. The newspaper without advertisements—the "adless paper" in office slang—has been proposed. Even that seems impracticable just at present. To compensate for the loss of advertising revenue, it must sell on the street at from three to five cents, and it must dispense with the high-priced "features" and "specials" which embellish the great popular newspapers and which are such a lure to the average reader. For its chief commodity would be unclouded truth, seen through the eyes of a free editor; and the public, in its present state of education concerning newspapers, is not quite ready to pay good coin for truth alone. Some genius in newspaper economies may devise a plan to make an "adless paper" pay at one or two cents. If he does, he will have a profound influence

(Continued on page 23)

The Problem of American Ships

The Second of Two Articles on the Disappearance of Americans from the High Seas

By ARTHUR RUHL

ble mechanic would receive from \$3 to \$4 a day, and be free to come and go and quit when he wants to without being dragged back and forced to work.

A fourth cause is the protective tariff, which has forced capital into other more profitable channels. In 1904 the price of American steel in England was \$27 per ton, and the price in America for the same steel was from \$35 to \$40 per ton. Most of the builders who testified before President Roosevelt's Merchant Marine Commission stated that an En-

glish builder could buy American plates delivered in England for \$8 per ton less than they could be purchased here. And what is true of steel is true of nearly everything that goes into the building—of wages and the general standard of living which have made ship-building as well as ship-operating more costly for Americans.

A fifth cause is our registry law, which prohibits giving American registry to vessels built abroad.

The large number of ships built in British yards has made standardization, with its consequent savings,



One of the few steamships which fly our flag—the Ward liner Saratoga

English builder could buy American plates delivered in England for \$8 per ton less than they could be purchased here. And what is true of steel is true of nearly everything that goes into the building—of wages and the general standard of living which have made ship-building as well as ship-operating more costly for Americans.

A fifth cause is our registry law, which prohibits giving American registry to vessels built abroad.

The large number of ships built in British yards has made standardization, with its consequent savings,

possible. Mr. Lewis Nixon testified before the Merchant Marine Commission: "I have known one great yard in this country where they had five slips, every one capable of building a *Lucania*, and they were building there at one time a steamer, a ferry-boat, a tug, a battleship, and a yacht. The Almighty Himself could not practise economies under those conditions."

It is true that steel imported for the construction of vessels to be used in the foreign trade is not subject to duty, but two things have prevented importation: (1) Delay in getting plates and the fact that they may be injured in transit—"People do not know," testified Mr. Nixon, "the heart-breaking difficulties of the chances of the boat being belated, of delay in shipment, of ship-plates being bent, angles distorted," etc.—(2) and, far more important, the fact that no vessel built wholly or in part of this foreign nondurable material may be used in the coastwise trade of the United States for more than two months of any one year.

Back to the Sea

MILLIONS of words have been written and spoken about the "decline of our merchant marine." There are some 2,000 books and pamphlets in the Congressional Library, each furnishing the only proper solution.

President Roosevelt's commission held hearings in the Atlantic, Pacific, Great Lakes, and Gulf cities, and received testimony from ship-

owners and builders, railroad men, and the sailors themselves. The published report of these hearings contains 1,481 pages of extremely interesting suggestions. Some of them are paraphrased here, and I must acknowledge special indebtedness to Mr. Walter T. Dunmore of the Western Reserve University, whose little book, "Ship Subsidies," is the briefest and best summing-up of the various arguments yet made.

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(1) *Subsidies*—(a) Direct payments from the national treasury to the ship-operator without any specified service given therefor, or (b) (more properly known as subventions), payments for service rendered, such as carrying mail between ports at a certain speed, constructing ships so that they could easily be turned into auxiliary cruisers in time of war, etc.

(2) *Discriminating Duties*—(Making it advantageous, by customs regulations, to carry goods in American ships).

(3) *Free Ships*—(Allowing ship-owners to buy at low prices abroad the ships needed for our commerce. Under the present law, that of 1792, American registry is prohibited to vessels built abroad).

(1) *Subsidies*—A general subsidy to all vessels operating in the foreign trade is the plan most frequently urged. Subsidy bills of various sorts have been introduced during most of the recent sessions of Congress. The policy is almost universally upheld by ship-builders and ship-operators. It is urged that it is not fair that ship-building should be the "only unprotected industry," that the advantages to be derived from a merchant marine are sufficient to justify the Government in compensating the American ship-owner for the disadvantage he is under by reason of the prohibitive cost of ships and labor.

The arguments against a general subsidy are:

(1) The very practical fact that it would be a direct gift to special interests which the American people, in their present frame of mind, are not likely to tolerate; (2) that it would be unavailing, if not permanent, because it simply equalizes conditions and does not do away with causes; (3) that if permanent, its cost would soon become enormous (Colonel W. W. Pates, recently Commissioner of Navigation, estimated that to subsidize 50 per cent of the tonnage necessary to carry our foreign commerce in 1925 would cost \$51,606,625); (4) that it is wrong in principle, because a direct subsidy has a far greater tendency to undermine private enterprise than even a high protective tariff; and (5) that the world's experience does not warrant subsidies.

The Three Remedies

IN SUPPORT of the latter arguments, it is said that Great Britain has, to be sure, been liberal with naval subventions to vessels that would carry mails to the colonies (from 1840 to 1900 she paid \$283,906,000 in subventions principally to the P. & O. boats), and she has done much to help the building of such ships as the *Lusitania*. But more than 95 per cent of Great Britain's merchant fleet never received any subventions whatsoever. Her development by sea has been as natural as ours has been by land. Germany grants subventions to several mail lines, and she has done all she could, by removing the duties on ship-building materials, giving them a low rate of transportation on railroads, and adopting the free ship policy, to push her merchant marine. Some of her North Atlantic liners may be due to subventions, but her merchant marine, so those opposed to a general subsidy argue, can scarcely be attributed to the annual payment of less than two million dollars for actual services in carrying mails.

cent, France's steam tonnage (partly owing to an increased bounty paid to sailing vessels) actually decreased. The English appointed a committee to investigate the French system, and this committee reported that the French Government often paid \$18,000 to have a French vessel earn \$17,000. The net result, according to those opposed to a general subsidy, has been an increase in ships, many useless, and a decrease, it is said, in the regular earnings, and a decline in efficiency all along the line.

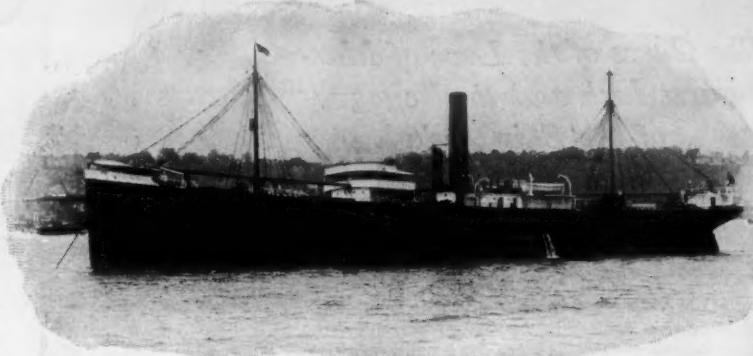
Subventions, such as we are now paying under the Postal Aid Law of 1891 (about \$1,400,000 annually), undoubtedly aid, if they do not make possible, the American Line, the Ward Line to Cuba and Mexico, the Red D to Venezuela, and the Admiral Line to Jamaica. In return they perform distinct services, as was shown in the Cuban war, when their ships were used as auxiliaries. The same objection, that they are likely to give rise to class legislation, applies to subventions as to subsidies, but in a lesser degree,

because of the services performed. And a few swift carriers do not solve the problem of a general carrying trade, so largely done by the tramps.

(2) *Discriminating Rates*—Among the most vigorous advocates of the policy of discriminating rates is Mr. Lewis Nixon, whose experiences as a ship-builder and prominence as a Democrat make his opinions specially interesting. This policy would simply be a return to the old law of 1789, under which our colonial marine made such excellent progress. That is a strong argument in its favor. It is proposed to raise the present duty on goods imported in foreign bottoms, or to allow a rebate on present duties when goods are imported in American bottoms. The latter would have much the same effect on the National Treasury as a subsidy.

Testifying before the Merchant Marine Commission, Mr. Nixon said: "The only way to meet foreign subsidies that has behind it the logic of actual success is the system of discriminating duties introduced by President Madison. Subsidies are going to be rather hard for democratic application. It is going to be almost impossible to avoid favoritism. If we drive the trade to American ships by discriminating duties, the trade will be profitable, and if the ships have to raise the rates we shall get a demand for ships which will remove the building handicap. And with assured trade in American bottoms, warranting the application and establishment of eco-

(3) *Free Ships*—The free ship policy is simply that the United States repeal its registry law of 1792 and allow Americans to buy cheap ships abroad, thus providing a natural, easy, and inexpensive way of securing a large merchant marine. No remedy of all suggested is so easy of application. England and Germany have both used it. Mr. Thomas Clyde of the Clyde Line, in his testimony before the Merchant Marine Commission, said: "Norway went to England and bought cheap, discarded tramps, brought them to Norway and put cheap Norwegian crews on



The British tramp, cheap to build and run, which carries the bulk of England's commerce

them, and has been very successful in taking away a large part of the cheaper class of England's trade."

The most obvious argument against free ships is that such a policy would—so the ship-builders say—promptly close every shipyard in America. Even granting that this is true—which I presume the advocates of the policy do not grant—it is urged that with the increase in ships there would be enough additional repair work to keep our yards busy. A second objection is that it would not do away with the added cost of running a ship under American wage and food schedules. If free ships alone were all that were needed, the opponents of the free-ship policy say, owners would have demanded free-ship legislation years ago.

A Suggested Solution

THREE are valid objections, it appears, to all proposed remedies. It is also evident that there is little probability of any considerable increase in our foreign shipping under present conditions, and that the necessity of ships during time of war—both for use as transports in wars in which we may be engaged and as a nursery for sailors, and as a means of supplying at least partial shipping independence when wars between other nations take away the ships which now carry our trade—places national aid to shipping on a rather different footing from aid to other home industries.

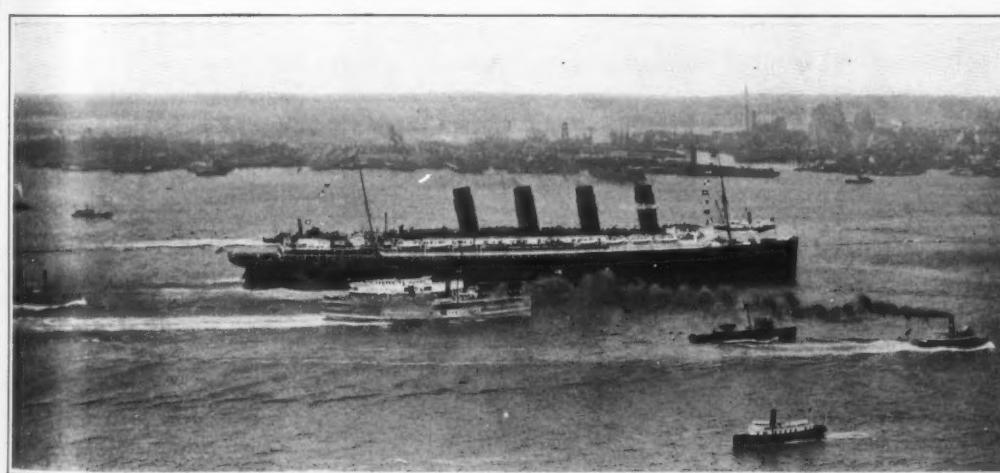
The ordinary citizen must generally weigh as best he can solutions by practical men which have some selfish interest behind them, or solutions by theorists which may be logical but take no account of actual facts.

Discussions of ideal conditions based on free trade are not of any great present use, for instance, in a country whose industrial and commercial conditions are based on a protective tariff, and which is committed to at least a comparatively vigorous protective policy for many years to come. Mr. Dunmore's solution, which seems to combine with considerable plausibility both the practical and theoretical arguments, is as follows:

(1) No general subsidy, but a further application of the policy of the Postal Aid Act, under which the American, Ward, Red D, and Admiral lines are now operating. (2) Free ships; there being, he thinks, no justification for refusing to allow an American to buy abroad in the cheapest market a vessel for use in the foreign trade under the American flag, inasmuch as American builders are not now building ships for that trade. (3) Removal of tariff on ship-building materials, whether used for vessels in the coastwise or foreign trade. (4) Discriminating duties in the indirect trade, that is to say, making a tariff discrimination in favor of American carriers against a vessel carrying goods between America and some country other than the one whose flag it flies.

A Chance for Sailors and Owners Too

UNDER these measures, it is urged, the ship-builder would still have a monopoly in the coastwise trade and in vessels receiving subventions; he could buy materials cheaper, and if repairs could be obtained more cheaply here would increase this important side of his business and the ship-owning habit would be encouraged. The sailors would be benefited, because the law requiring all officers of American ships to be American citizens would still hold, the number of Americans employed would increase with the number of ships added under the Postal Aid Law. The ship-owner would be benefited by being enabled to buy his ships more cheaply, by subventions, and by being given a preference in obtaining a home cargo.



England's great Lusitania—a government-assisted ship—entering New York harbor

France is the great subsidy nation, and the ill-success of her experiments is common gossip with seafaring men. In 1881 she started to pay a general bounty to ship-builders and ship-owners. The bounty was paid for distance sailed, and as a result trips were often made for the sole purpose of getting the bounty. Mr. William D. Sewall, one of the famous Sewalls of Bath, Maine, while oddly enough testifying in favor of a direct subsidy before the Merchant Marine Commission, said: "French ships have played havoc with the California freight markets, freights have gone down to a price where no ship without assistance can compete or make a dollar. Their object is to sail. French ships have gone to San Francisco and come out in ballast round to New York to take oil out East, getting a subsidy right along."

From 1886 to 1896, while England increased her steam tonnage 53 per cent and Germany 107 per

nomical methods going with large undertakings, we should gradually remove even the increased cost of running vessels. We do not mind their reprisals. England can not afford to interfere with the importation of breadstuffs and cotton, the factors of return cargoes. We must have return cargoes; that is the secret of success on the ocean."

The arguments against discriminating duties are:

(1) The probability of retaliation, the upsetting of some thirty treaties of reciprocity with all the principal countries of the world, and a general and ruinous trade war; (2) that a discriminating duty makes no allowance for distance traveled or value of cargo. A vessel might come three thousand miles and pay the same duty as one that came three hundred if the cargoes were of the same kind and nature, while a cargo might be so valuable that a ten per cent duty discrimination would be far in excess of the freight charge; (3) that a large part of our imports is on the free list, and discriminating duties would not apply to them.



The Curse of the Love of Margaret Inch and the Voyage of the Ship Aïda

TO MAKE anything like a proper coherent tale of this extraordinary business I must piece together—as if it were for a patch-work quilt—odds and ends and ill-related fragments that I have got from many sources. Part of the story I had from Sol Saradine, the Jew, who wears gold earrings and was Drury's mate on both voyages; part I had from the log of the *Aïda*; part from Drury's diary, which he called his private log; other parts from certain neighbors of Margaret Inch at Fairford; and the rest I have had to fill in from imagination—though that is but stray bits here and there—connecting links, if you like.

Still, I mean to give you as well as I can, all the essentials, holding back nothing that matters—save one fact: the bearings of that spot, away to the south in the Sargasso Sea where two bare masts slant up above the heaving weed, and a fortune lies below. The latitude and longitude of that infinitesimal speck upon the waste is known to me, and will never, I think, be forgotten, but I have promised Sol Saradine that no one else shall know them, and no one else ever shall. That I swear.

Those drowned doubloons have done harm enough already.

After an absence of twenty years, during which time he had sailed all the seas of this world, and traded in most of the ports thereof, Abner Drury came back to Fairford, the sleepy fishing village of his birth.

HE CAME standing upon the white deck of the big schooner *Aïda* (but he pronounced it Ada), of which he was master and owner, for he had prospered in these twenty years, and he had in his pocket a chart, hand-drawn on parchment, annotated in different scripts, Spanish and English. It looked very much like other buried treasure charts, even to the age-browned ink and the occasional rusty spots that might have been blood stains; and the bearings set down in one corner of the parchment were the latitude and longitude of a theoretical pin-point in the Sargasso Sea.

Drury came to Fairford like Diogenes, looking for an honest man, only, more exigent than the Greek cynic, he wanted two men instead of one. To be plain, there is reason to believe that he expected to find his nephew, young Piers Drury, whom he had never seen, but whom he knew to have adopted the profession of diver; and, further, he wanted to find a mate who should be at once intelligent, trustworthy, and acquainted with gasoline propulsion—for the *Aïda* was equipped with an auxiliary engine.

THIS paragon he discovered almost at once in Sol Saradine, the Jew, who wore gold earrings; but young Piers, who, contrary to his uncle's expectation, did not live in Fairford, but out Gloucester way, was busy about his own work and couldn't turn up for ten days.

On the second day Drury seems

By
**JUSTUS
MILES
FORMAN**

Pictures by M.L.BLOUMENTHAL

to have made an important discovery. A girl child whom he quite possibly may have seen toddling about Fairford twenty years before had grown to womanhood. Drury saw her leaning over the gate of her front garden, stopped to stare, and presently asked one of her neighbors who she was.

IHAVE seen a photograph of Margaret Inch taken by an itinerant artist, which, judging from supplementary verbal description, I believe to have been a ghastly libel. Still not even the best efforts of this wandering criminal could quite disguise the

girl's grave beauty. I don't wonder Abner Drury stopped to stare, not though he was past forty and reckoned a hard man. I know little about his early life, but I have never heard that women had any part in it, and it is my guess that they never had.

In any case the middle-aged sailor seems to have been, as the phrase goes, "hard hit," and to have made no effort to disguise it.

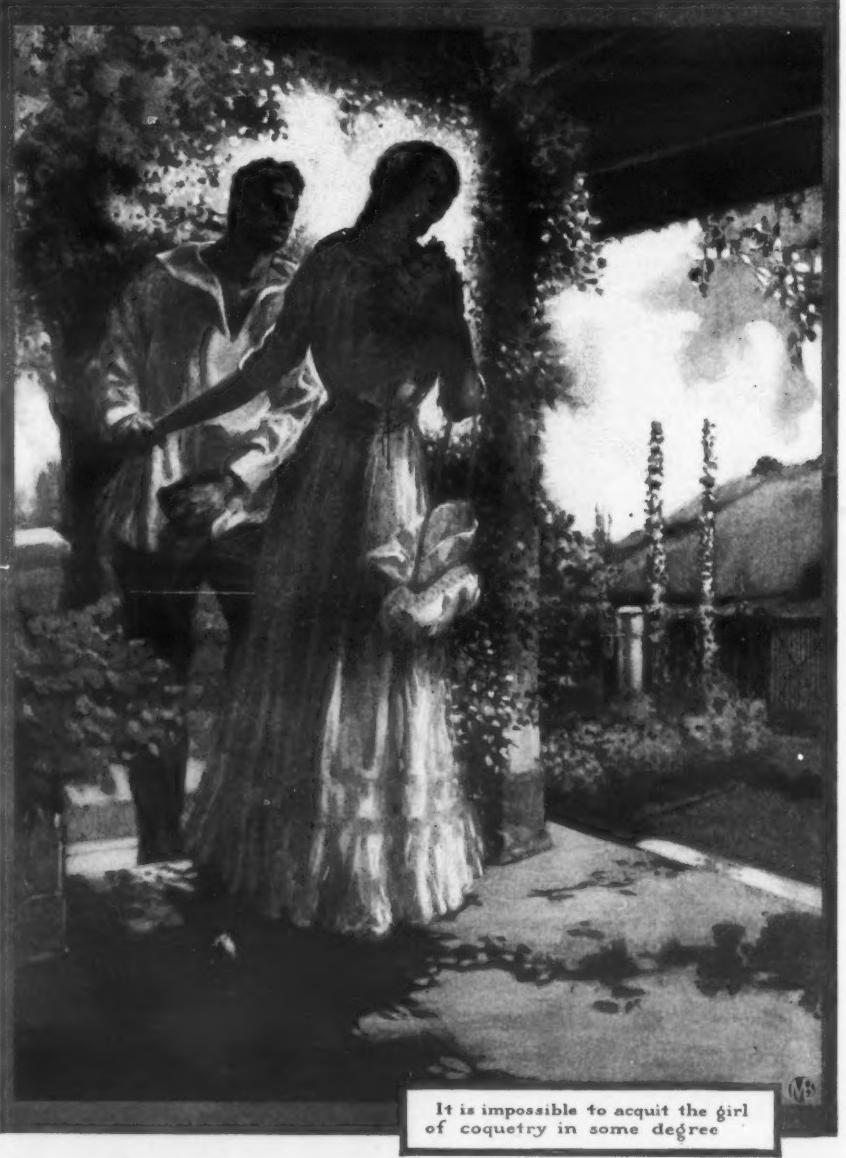
The girl's part in this suddenly initiated romance is less easy to reconstruct. She was, they tell me, very gentle and sweet, tender with children, an angel of mercy in the sick-room, universally beloved—but incredibly silent about her own thoughts and affairs. She was alone in the world, her father having been lost at sea, long back, and her mother dead these two years. No brothers, no sisters. So, as you see, it is little I know of Miss Inch's feelings toward Abner Drury at this period, save that she certainly allowed him to spend a great deal of his time in her fragrant garden, where the pinks and sweet-williams and mignonettes and larkspurs grew, or on the shady porch of the little house, whence, looking down the green hill, you saw the masts of the fishing boats in the harbor, and the *Aïda* among them.

He can hardly have been, I should think, the figure to evoke romantic fancies in a maid—a square, middle-aged man with a square face and a scrubby beard that was beginning to gray. He had no humor at all and, I was going to say, no imagination, but I take that back. Unimaginative men do not go a-seeking Spanish treasure. Also I mind what Sol Saradine said of him, that Drury was a species of volcano (what he really said was "sleeping dog"), and when roused was terrific. I think women scent that sort of thing in men, and like it on the ground that it promises excitement, and generally fulfills its promise.

On the tenth day young Piers Drury turned up in answer to his uncle's summons, and on the fourteenth the *Aïda* set sail for the south. Four days is a brief period of time, but in a far briefer there may be, as Sol Saradine says, "the devil to pay."

AND yet there can never have been a more innocent trouble maker. A big, fair lad young Piers was, with yellow hair and blue eyes—a few freckles across the bridge of his straight nose—the thick neck and large arms of a gladiator (a little vain of his strength he seems to have been, and given to showing it off in feats)—a sunny smile for everybody, and the heart of a child. The boy would not consciously have hurt an earthworm, but before he had been twelve hours in Fairford he was leaning across Margaret Inch's garden gate. His uncle saw him there, looked black, and passed by.

Now it is certain that no living soul will ever know exactly what passed between this young woman and these two men during the four days prior to the *Aïda*'s departure. That Miss Inch con-



It is impossible to acquit the girl of coquetry in some degree

tinued to see a good deal of Captain Drury is well established, and it is no secret that young Piers was often in her sweet garden also—but never the two together. It is impossible to acquit the girl of coquetry in some degree, and I shall not try, but that there was any harm in her, or that she realized what she was stirring up with her inexperienced little finger, I, for my part, refuse to believe.

Her leave-taking from Drury, Captain Salisbury's wife blundered in upon and described afterward as featureless. The two shook hands, Margaret Inch wished Drury good luck and a safe return, and Drury thanked her. Following that he glowered upon the girl hungrily for a space, made as if to say more, but turned with an abrupt movement and went away.

Whatever that unuttered speech was he seems to have thought it would keep.

But very late that evening a next-door neighbor, descending into her back garden for some obscure reason, glanced across the top of the low party wall and saw two rapt young people a-kissing in the moonlight.

At break of day the *Aida* set sail for the mysterious Sargasso Sea and the sunken galleon there.

IT SEEMS they encountered foul weather three or four days out and put into Savannah to let the storm blow over. And once again they made port—at Nassau—but this time by intention to take on water and fresh provisions. Drury's private log proving featureless, I have asked Sol Saradine about the two men's behavior during this early part of the voyage, and he says that young Piers was his habitual gay and cheery and light-hearted self, but that the skipper seemed gloomy and held himself apart. He unbent only of an evening when the three sat in the cuddy with their heads bowed over the parchment chart. The Jew says he often left the other two together there, poring over that yellow document, when he went on deck to stand his watch.

It was, I believe, almost immediately after the *Aida* left the Bahaman coast that young Piers fell ill with a fever. Drury was at first for turning back, but the lad protested loudly, and the attack looked a very light one—as indeed it turned out to be—so in the end they held their course, and fed the invalid with quinine, and came presently to the margin of that heaving swamp—the tract of mystery and death—the grave of ships.

HERE the *Aida* furled her wings, and, under bare poles with the little auxiliary engine coughing and sputtering, the treasure-seekers turned their backs upon blue water and wound their tortuous way into the Sargasso Sea.

Twice in that dreary waste they passed derelicts—wooden ships, dismasted, whitened, weed-hung, surrounded by masses of weed, so that they were the centers of insecure islands, roosting-places for sea fowl; and often they saw wreckage, spars or planks or a water-logged boat. The wind died and it was fiercely hot. Young Piers complained of it, tossing on his cot under the deck awning, but he grew better even in that tropical furnace glare, and it was plain that in a week's time he would be quite himself again.

So they came, under Abner Drury's careful guidance (for he had already been there without a diver to make sure), to the spot where the two bare masts of an earlier and unfortunate seafarer slanted up above the heaving weed, and they dropped anchor.

THE invalid wasn't strong enough to dive at once, or so his uncle, against young Piers's protests, decided, and they waited three days in the merciless, still heat. Then he went down to explore, found nothing in the dense, under-sea forest, tried again, working inward in concentric circles, and, at the end of the second day, made out the galleon lying in three fathoms of water and rent asunder by what appeared to have been a dynamite blast. The earlier seafarers, whose schooner canted a few yards apart, had made his labors easier for him. He brought up with him in his pouch a handful of doubloons. No, they were pieces-of-eight—one of them lies before me now as I write—and the work was over for the day.

Sol Saradine says the three of them, who berthed aft, drank champagne with their dinner, and that young Piers, being still pretty weak, got a trifle tipsy. That night Abner Drury saw red.

What occurred I transcribe in his own words from his private log, which he always kept locked

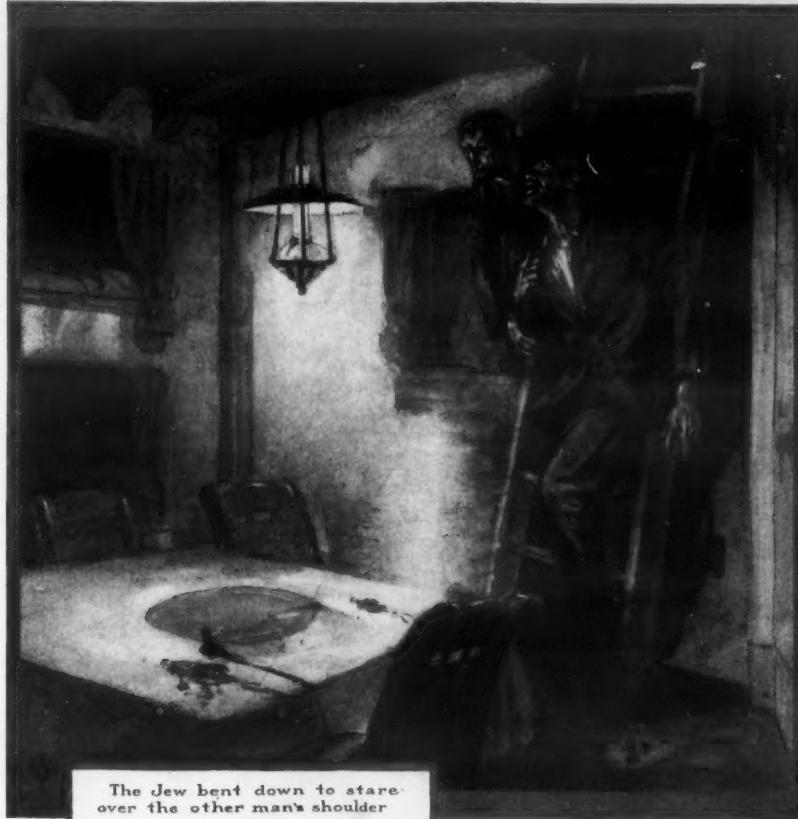
away, and which had written on the cover of it: "To be read only after my death."

How in the world a sane man could commit the incredible, the fantastic folly of putting such a confession into written words, when he meant to keep it a secret for the remainder of his life, I know no more than you. It is beyond me.

The entry in the private log seems to have been made on the day following the event. It begins:

"JUNE 28, —02.

"Last night, the devil having entered into me, his black angels standing round about, and God being



The Jew bent down to stare over the other man's shoulder

back, and as the two women stood at the front gate Drury himself hove in sight, mounting the hill.

Ignoring the elder, he spoke a good morning to Margaret Inch, who greeted him with pink cheeks and a shortened breath, but looked over his shoulder down the hill. She asked if he had brought back the Spanish treasure to dazzle Fairford with, and Drury, in a heavy voice, said no. The girl continued to look over his shoulder, and presently, when he did not speak again, she asked:

"Where is your nephew, Piers?"

Still Captain Drury did not speak, and she asked again: "Where is he?" Drury's eyes must have told her, for Margaret Inch gave a dreadful scream and clapped her two hands up over her mouth. Young Piers's murderer bent upon the girl such a look, says Mrs. Salisbury, "as I never see before and hope never to again," turned abruptly and walked away.

That would seem more or less naturally to be the end of Abner Drury's wooing, but it wasn't—not by a good deal. He was a determined and, from what we already know, I may well say, desperate man. It was his way to get what he wanted (though, to be sure, he failed to bring back the Spanish treasure): it always had been his way. He had returned to Fairford late in August. On the eve of All Souls'—or, in other words, the 31st of October—he was married to Margaret Inch, spinster, and the two took up their residence in his wife's home.

SOL SARADINE, who was present at the wedding, says that the bridegroom's face was as white as new sailcloth, and that he had grown noticeably thinner within the past three months, but that his eyes burned like the eyes of man in high fever. Margaret Inch looked spiritless and ill. The private log is not expansive. The entry for the day says:

"OCTOBER 31, —02.

"This day I was married to Margaret Inch at Fairford."

And that is all.

Yet upon this rather cheerless beginning there followed several months (four, to be exact) of something that had all the outward marks of quiet contentment, if not of wild rapture. For that matter, rapture, or at least the expression thereof, would ill have become a middle-aged seafaring man like Drury, and nobody expected ecstatic rhapsodies from his tongue-tied wife. That wouldn't have been like her. They might, however, have expected redder cheeks and more frequent smiles, and, in the man, a higher head and a brighter eye.

SOL SARADINE says that Drury complained to him of sleeplessness, and I know Margaret several times said to her neighbors that her husband slept ill and muttered in his sleep or got up and walked the floor. His general health suffered from it after a time, and he went to the old village doctor, who, with exquisitely unconscious irony, bade him rid his mind of any worries or troubles he might be brooding over.

I wonder what Drury said to that.

It was four months and four days after the wedding when the sword at last smote down between the two. I know the exact date, because the private log chronicles the event very briefly.

"MARCH 5, —03.

"Last night I talked in my sleep and she knows."

It seems Drury awoke some two or three hours after midnight in a curious state of inexplicable uneasiness—awoke, as it were, with a sense of calamity, and shivering. His wife was gone from his side. He waited a few moments, still shivering without apparent reason, then went to look for her. She was not in the house, but the back door of the kitchen was open and a bitter wind was driving the snow in along the floor. Drury pulled something round his shoulders, went out into the night, and found his wife at the bottom of the orchard, crouched upon the ground, with the snow drifting against her body. She was in a state of nervous anarchy that was practically madness, but her moaning speech was all about one fact, and her husband knew that she knew.

SHE screamed when he spoke to her and struck at him, even bit and scratched, but somehow he got her into the house and into her bed, where she fell quiet once more, save for continued moaning and

except when the man tried to touch her. Then she screamed.

She was up and about the next day, though with sunken cheeks and staring eyes. She did her household work and prepared her husband's meals, but herself ate nothing. Drury waited stolidly for her to rush to the neighbors or to the village constable and denounce him, but she did nothing of the sort, only moved around her house in that strange and staring apathy, and paid no heed when spoken to. And when he touched her she broke out into a seemingly uncontrollable paroxysm of screaming.

SO IT went on for some days—a week—a fortnight—this intolerable state of affairs. For while I think shame and a sense of deadly guilt and remorse held the man's hand, but he was a hard man and accustomed to dominate. More than once the neighbors heard Margaret Drury screaming horribly by night, and it wasn't long before all the village knew of it and said that something must be done. In the end a sort of deputation waited upon Abner Drury—the old parson, Doctor Saltonstall, and two of the elders of the church, all ancient men, wagging white beards.

They indicated that women do not scream as in deadly agony for a half-hour at a time and repeat it night after night unless something is wrong, and, without much beating about the bush, they demanded an explanation.

DRURY looked at the row of old men fiercely, and the red swept up over his face—perhaps before his eyes again. Then his head dropped and the spirit broke in him forever. He said he would give them his answer in two days' time, and meanwhile there would be no more screaming.

The answer proved to be the sailing of the *Aida* in the teeth of winter for ports unknown. Sol Saradine, who had money laid by, and toiled only when he felt like it, shipped again as mate. He says he doesn't even now quite know why.

They laid a southerly course and put in at Miami, afterward Nassau, thence a long leg to Galveston, where they remained idle for a fortnight. Drury had once plied a profitable trade between here and certain Cuban ports. He said something about taking it up again, and perhaps would have done so but for what shortly occurred.

I have asked Sol Saradine how Drury bore himself during these weeks, and the Jew says he was a man crushed but not broken—which speech you may interpret as suits you.

He complained, I know, of sleeping ill, if at all, and was often on his feet the night long, pacing the *Aida*'s deck. He never spoke of his wife and Sol Saradine, who possesses tact, and who, in common with the rest of Fairford, knew there was some unhappy mystery there, took pains never in any fashion to refer to her.

The private log is written up through these days, but it is a mere transcript of the ship's log without personal additions.

SO NOW we come to the reason why Drury gave up his idea of carrying coffee between Galveston and Cuba. They had been at the former port nearly a fortnight when Sol Saradine and the skipper returned late one evening to where the *Aida* lay in her berth in the harbor.

The cuddly ports shone bright and cheery through the darkness as they approached, and Drury growled something angry about that fool of a cabin boy, for

(Concluded on page 22)

Enter, the Mayoress

Mrs. Ella Wilson, Chief Executive of Hunnewell, Kansas, and the Job She Has on Hand

By COURTNEY R. COOPER



Mrs. Ella Wilson

THE pages of a railroad guide whirred for a moment and stopped at a map of Kansas.

Then the news editor's forefinger began to trace a vague course over the broad, rectangular State, hesitating, moving on, stopping a second and then starting again.

"Hunnewell," he droned, "Hunnewell; well, where the dickens is Hunnewell?"

At last the finger ceased its wanderings to hover a second and then descend upon a tiny dot, jammed nearly against the Oklahoma line in the south-central part of the State. The scraggly line which led to Wellington, twenty miles away by the map scale, showed that it was on a branch railroad. A glance at the population list brought forth the fact that its inhabitants numbered, approximately, five hundred. The news editor walked to the telegraph desk.

"Take that suffragette parade out of the lead column and put it on page two," he ordered. "Then wire somebody down at Hunnewell for a thousand words on the coming election."

"What's the row?" asked the telegraph editor, without looking up.

"They've had an insurrection in politics," was the brief answer. "Women don't like the way the men are running the town, so they're going to try to do the governing themselves."

The Men Failed

THUS it was that there filtered to the outside world toward the end of last March the news that a Kansas town, hardly ever before heard of, intended to out-suffrage even London. When the full story finally arrived it brought the information that all had come to pass through the fact that men had been given a chance to govern and had failed, at least in the estimation of the mothers of the city. There were pool halls which allowed boys to play—despite town ordinances. There were drunken men to be seen on the streets, and investigation showed that there had been only one prosecution for boot-legging in six years. There was a lack of interest in the town's welfare. There was an absence of the sanitary provisions which should be made anywhere, no matter how small the place.

The women had pleaded. They had gone before the council and asked for a change in conditions. Mothers had appealed for stricter laws in behalf of their children, but evidently those appeals had not been heard. And so, over the cook stoves and in the dust of the sweeping, there had been brewed a rebellion which could not be stopped. In Kansas the women have the right of suffrage, and in Hunnewell they decided to use it for their own good.

Already the ballots had been printed in the names of men. The women did not ask for a change, they merely made their selections among themselves, and then when they went to the polls, one morning early in April, they carried their pencils with them. When the votes were counted that night, Mrs. Ella Wilson, housewife and mother, was tied with Professor A. M. Akers for the mayoralty of Hunnewell.

Another election? Instead they drew straws and Mrs. Wilson won. That's the reason Hunnewell, Kansas, possesses a mayoress, a woman chief of police—who has not quite made up her mind whether or not to serve—and a woman city clerk. But Hunnewell also has a city council, made up entirely of men, and just as a tiny cog often turns some great wheel, so does Hunnewell in its opposition of men and women government represent a world question.

For, hostile and out of sympathy with reform, those

men who form the city council have started their official life by a system of badgering, faultfinding, and vilifying, little knowing that they were bringing a really big question to issue—whether a woman can do more good in office than a man. Since the election in April, there has been strife—encounters, quarrels, tricks. Hunnewell, standing still, wonders where it all will end—and when.

No laws have been passed, no new ordinances enforced, for on one side the city council refuses to obey the mayoress, declining all calls to meetings and disregarding all appeals for laws which Mrs. Wilson desires passed. On the other side is the mayoress, adamant, backed by her police judge and safely in possession of the records which the city council must have to work by. Unless that body does as she desires toward the reformation of the city, Mrs. Wilson will not make their meetings legal by her attendance. And unless Mrs. Wilson will heed the bidding of the five men who desire the old-time town, there will be no meetings. The result is a little puzzle in suffrage.

The Mayoress at Home

MRS. WILSON is forty-five, light-haired, blue-eyed, and stockily built, pleasant to talk to. Her face presents the true type of the country town mother. Perhaps as you enter the yard, she will be doggedly practising the scales on a piano, for she is taking lessons now and "doing fine." After a while, when the practise has ceased suddenly, when the talk is over, perhaps there will be an invitation to dinner, cooked particularly well by the mayoress of Hunnewell and served by her.

"A woman without the love of home within her

heart," says the mayoress, "is not a real woman. You see," she explained not so very long ago, "government by men had been tried here without success. They did not succeed and the balance-wheel turned, just as it will turn in many another town after we have been successful here. My office means much more than the simple mayoralty of a small Kansas town. If women can do good here, they can do good elsewhere, and the men will be forced to admit it. The council here! I will win from it; I will out-fight it. I have to.

"Men are queer creatures; they have as much to learn about feminine government as women have to learn about the right way to prosecute suffrage. The mothers are the ones who must do the ruling, if women are to do it at all. This lesson will go out from Hunnewell and then men will understand; they will see that some of their ideas have been wrong, that women are not all gossipy, vain creatures—

"I'll Win Before I Get Through"

DO YOU know why women gossip? Simply because they have nothing else to do. Their housework does not keep their mind fully occupied. Give them the betterment of a city and its morals to think about, in addition to the making of a home, and they'll cease gossiping.

"I am not the first woman mayor, but it just happens that things are different now, more propitious, from what they once were. For instance, there was Mrs. Susanna Salter, who was elected mayoress of Argonia, Kansas, in 1887. She had no difficulty with her council, it is said, because she flattered the members. But I"—and the mayoress became emphatic—"have neither the time nor the inclination for flattery, and the harder my fight is, the bigger my victory will be and the more good it will do the cause of suffrage throughout the country. And I'll win before I get through," she added.

Thus the fight has continued. Within a month Mrs. Wilson called another meeting. It was not attended. Cartoons, with bits of home-made verse attached, began to make their appearance in store windows, depicting the arrest of men by the woman chief of police. That individual, nearly six feet tall and weighing two hundred pounds, noticed the decorations and tore them down. There was no resistance. At least, one battle was won.

It was shortly after that, and after an ineffectual attempt to obtain the confirmation of a list of appointees, that Mrs. Wilson sent an appeal to Governor Stubbs. The answer came quickly.

"Keep smiling. Don't let the little things which people do or say hurt you, for every one in public life must bear them. If there is boot-legging in Hunnewell and opposition is put in your way, the State will see that the law-breaking is stopped. I will stand behind you."

And so, with Walter Roscoe Stubbs to fall back on, Mrs. Wilson is just beginning her battle of suffrage, and when it is all over, she says, women will have an instance to show of the superiority of feminine government over that of men. And to tell the truth, that superiority is really the question at stake down in Hunnewell. If the men win, there will be still the boot-legging, the gambling, the lack of sanitary improvement, the absence of civic spirit. But if the women win—that's a different matter.

Already Mrs. Wilson has been a chastening effect in Hunnewell, for the boys go home nights now, drunkenness has become less and less apparent, and gambling has ceased.

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Ghodsea Khanoum

A PERSIAN girl, Miss Ghodsea Khanoum, has come to America to attend the first annual conference of the Persian-American Educational Society.

In the autumn she will enter the University of Chicago. No man had ever seen her face until she left her home a few months ago. The step is a long one from the veil of the Orient to coeducation. Miss Khanoum is said to be the first Persian girl to receive an Ameri-

can education. Like other Eastern women, she is advancing her ancient country by the forward step.

THE Los Angeles Women's City Club opened the other day with one hundred women gathered for the common purpose of learning more of their duties as citizens. It intends to make the same civic and political investigations as the Men's City Club. Its platform states that it is a non-partisan body of women citizens; that its aim is to produce in women alertness of mind and sanity of judgment; that its belief is that love for one's city, like any other love, must be founded on knowledge if it is to be effective.

FROM all our great cities the babies are being poured forth into fresh air homes, beach resorts, floating hospitals, farms, roof gardens, house-boats. At Sea Breeze, near New York, the Society



A basketful of babies at Sea Breeze

for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor receives babies by the basket load, as the accompanying photograph bears witness, and deposits them thus in rows upon the sand. The interest in the conservation of infants, although somewhat delayed by attention to the conservation of land, forests, and inanimate landmarks, is violently awake at last.

MISS EVELYN BEATRICE LONGMAN is the young sculptor upon whom fell the honor of the commission for Wellesley College's new bronze doors and transom, to be used in the library building. The doors are the gift of the class of '86, which this year celebrated its quarter-century anniversary. Miss Longman's first bronze doors were made for the chapel of the Naval Academy, she winning in the competition, which was open to all American sculptors. Wisdom and Charity are represented by symbolic figures on the bronze panels of the Wellesley doors.

FOR the past two years the Government has been making investigations into the methods of cold storage, to ascertain the best way to prepare birds that they may be kept the maximum time without damage. Dr. Mary E. Pennington is the Man Behind the Investigation. She is in charge of the Food Research Laboratory of the Department of Agriculture. She is now giving demonstrations as a result of her study, going from city to city and showing merchants the proper method of preparation. Her conclusions point out these facts emphatically: that undrawn poultry decomposes more slowly than does drawn, therefore it is better that the fowls be not opened and dressed before storage; that undrawn fowls

must be placed in storage immediately; that fowls properly killed and plucked can be kept a year.

MISS OLIVE MACLEOD has returned to England after covering 3,700 miles, for the most part on horseback and afoot, through some of the most perilous parts of Africa, regions never before seen by a white woman. Her affianced husband, Captain Boyd Alexander, was killed by savages in Africa a year ago, and Miss MacLeod with two companions made her journey to place a stone on his unmarked grave. Her explorations led to various important discoveries, one being the falls of the Mao Kabi, which the French have named the MacLeod Falls in her honor—Les Chutes MacLeod.

THERE is said to be but one licensed woman plumber in America. She is Mrs. S. C. Tillman of Rutherford, New Jersey, and she is in charge of a shop employing twenty men. In the midst of steam pipes, water-main pipes and tin roofing, and problems of wiring and joining, she is quite as much at home as in the midst of the eight children she has reared.

THE running high jump and the ball-throwing records of Vassar College were both broken this season by a mere chit of a freshman. She is Miss Dorothy Smith, an eighteen-year-old girl of New York City, who had no especial training for athletics before she went to college except that she always went to the country in the summer, and there played with boys. She is distinctly feminine despite this fact, slim and girlishly built. And yet her record stands 204 feet 5 inches for the throw, 4 feet 7½ inches for the running high jump, a record that many boys might envy. Her throw caused a demonstration never to be forgotten while her class treads the Vassar campus—a feting of the little freshman which made the echoes of ancient cloisters sit up and take notice.

WHEN the cloying pen of the press agent refers to Madame Bernhardt's voice as still golden, her beauty not a whit older than at twenty, her fire still that of Vesuvius, we may be inclined to a palpitation of skeptical pity. But when actual statistics made by reputable accountants report that her recent tour through the United States brought in \$1,000,000 in gross receipts, \$250,000 of this sum being her own, we are faced by the fact that dollars tell the truth. Many have been the post-mortem appearances of our once great stars through which we have yawned in papered houses. Sarah Bernhardt's persistent youth is represented not alone by her bank account; a descent into a copper mine, mountain climbing, and a night in a bayou shooting alligators were incidents of her tour.

IF LACTO should prove to be the great American treat, should put ice-cream out of business, should cause lacto parlors to spring up from coast to coast, should make youth rejoice and old age triumph, then the Iowa Experiment Station will make good. This station has invented a frozen dairy product, which, being made of loppered whole or skim milk, contains vast armies of those destroyers of senility, lactic acid bacteria. Eggs, sugar, lemons, and various flavoring extracts are added to disguise the valuable bacteria. Of the 179 human ice-cream fiends

upon whom the new compound was tried, 111 declared in favor of lacto, only 59 stood loyal to their first love, and the rest were weakly non-committal. How much of the report was honesty and how much politeness to Professor Mortensen can not be determined. Only time can pronounce finally in lacto's favor.

SMOKY, the little cow pony ridden by Miss Bernice Walsh of Beaver Dam, Alberta, has won for her the world's record for a high jump by



A champion high jumper from Canada

a woman amateur rider. Miss Walsh had ridden the pony but once before. She cleared the bars at six feet. The event took place at the Western Canadian horse show held at Calgary, which was counted a great social event for the new west of Canada.

THE statement that at a recent sale of autograph letters one of Susan B. Anthony's sold for one cent, of Mme. Curie's for a quarter, and of Mrs. Eddy's for ten dollars is an interesting comment on comparative values of women's work.

MISS ELLEN FITZ PENDLETON, dean of Wellesley College, has been formally chosen as its president, after having held the office of acting president for some time. Since the resignation of President Hazard the trustees have considered the question of whether an institution as large as Wellesley is now should not have a man at its head. But tradition won out in the end, and a woman was chosen as always before. Miss Pendleton is a native of Rhode Island and a graduate of Wellesley in the class of '86. She taught for many years in the mathematics department before assuming the office of dean.

THE lawn tennis championship (feminine) for the United States belongs to Miss Hazel Hotchkiss of Berkeley, California. She has previously had to combat the famous May Sutton of Los Angeles; this year at Philadelphia she found herself up against another Sutton, Miss Florence.

It was said in California that Miss Hotchkiss would have made better records in the past if she had not gone to her games each season tired out with hard work in the university, for she is an excellent student. Miss May Sutton, on the other hand, always believed that if you were going to play tennis you must let nothing interfere, and she kept herself fit throughout the year.

THE deep-sea fisherwoman of the Pacific is coming to be a formidable species of Amazon. The adventurous life of pursuing the sea-bass, the tuna, and the yellowtail was altogether too racy for the enterprising Westerner. Mrs. W. N. Vilas of Los Angeles is one of the Californians who has distinguished herself by her prowess with the rod. Her champion sea-bass was one of the largest ever caught at Catalina, being a 384-pounder; time, one hour and ten minutes.



Miss Longman at her work



Mrs. Vilas and her 384-pound catch

What Information Advertisers Need

What Some Men Lose Who Lack It

Do you know, Mr. Advertiser, who buys your goods? Do you know where they live—what they read?

Do you know why some buy, and why others don't buy? Why some prefer a rival manufacture?

Do you know why some sections pay better than others? Why you lose trade when you lose it?

Do you know what damage substitution is doing—how and where and why? Do you know all your opposition?

Do you know, above all, how your arguments appeal? Have you tried them face-to-face?

If not, we have something to tell you.

We, too—in the past—have groped our way in the dark. And we know that it doesn't pay.

We now canvass consumers, from house to house. We now go to dealers, from town to town, before we start selling in print.

We know what they want and why. We know what forces we have got to face.

When we frame a campaign we know the actual conditions. We deal with no theory, no guesswork, no chance.

The effect has been to avoid mistakes, to create defenses, and to multiply results.

The facts will give you new respect for this Agency. We want to explain them to you.

And we want to discuss a new science with you—the Science of Strategy.

It forms, we consider, the greatest contribution we ever have made to advertising.

It is the science of doing, by clever maneuvers, what used to be done by time, cost and attack.

It does a year's work in a week, sometimes. It secures, by one move, nationwide distribution. It has placed many an article, from the very jump, on a profit-paying basis.

It removes the uncertainties, minimizes risk, multiplies selling power. Many millions of dollars, which were otherwise lost, have been pocketed by men who employed it.

All this is told, for the first time, in a book. It reveals, as we never revealed before, the secrets of our success.

The ideas have been gathered from a thousand sources. We owe them to countless able men.

To pay the debt, we offer them to others. Also to give you a new idea of what advertising efficiency means.

Any man with a selling problem is welcome to this book. In justice to himself he should get it.

Cut out this reminder; put it in your pocket. Then, when convenient, write us for the book.

A REMINDER

to write Lord & Thomas, Trude Building, Chicago, for their latest book, "Real Salesmanship-in-Print."

LORD & THOMAS
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE AND OUTDOOR
ADVERTISING

290 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

Trude Building, CHICAGO

(31)

If You Are a Lover of Books

and if you want to read one of the most delightful little volumes about books and their makers that you ever opened, get out your shears and clip off the coupon at the foot of this page. It will bring to you, absolutely free of charge and without reservation of any sort, a sixty-four-page volume which you will find to be as valuable a work as you have ever thumbed through.

It is a booklet which we have had prepared at considerable expense in order to make possible an adequate description of The Harvard Classics, Dr. Eliot's famous

FIVE-FOOT SHELF

But it has turned out to be such a useful work in itself that we want every lover of books among Collier's readers to have a copy of it. Of course it is devoted primarily to describing the scope and breadth of the Five-Foot Shelf, to explaining from Dr. Eliot's own point of view just what his selections of books and authors mean, to showing why, in the opinions of the foremost educators and students of the English-speaking world, The Harvard Classics in their entirety are what one man has called "the greatest literary and educational achievement of modern times"—but beyond this it is just a simple little volume to delight the book lover's heart.

It is not a mere catalogue of titles and authors, but is a chatty, readable summary, such as a college professor might give after lecture hours, stating why certain authors and certain works were chosen and going into a discussion of those authors and those works.

It is a book full of literary suggestion and usefulness. Showing as it does a consensus of trained opinion as to the finest volumes of the world's literature and history—for it represents the views, not only of Dr. Eliot, but of a distinguished group of fellow-educators—it should prove of wonderful service in the library of any reader.

In itself it is a literary guide and summary of a character that no book lover can afford to neglect.

If you care at all about books we want you to send for this booklet,

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Foot Shelf. But that is something in which every reader is naturally interested—something he would be only too glad

to have outlined and really explained to him.

The booklets are going fast, and if you delay you may have to wait some weeks for the completion of the next edition. So our only suggestion is that you act promptly—if you can't find your shears, tear the coupon off now, as you sit here reading, and mail it to-day.

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Please send to me by mail, free of charge, the 64-page book describing The Harvard Classics, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

The Sargasso Sea

(Concluded from page 20)

he was a careful man and did not like to see good oil wasted. They went on board, and Sol Saradine pointed out to the skipper a trail of wet footprints and little pools of water that led across the deck to the cabin companion. It looked as if the boy had been swimming in the harbor before lighting that lamp below.

"I'll take it out of him to-morrow!" Drury said, and they stooped to go under the companion hood. Sol Saradine observed that the steps here were wet too, and cautioned the skipper, who was ahead of him, not to slip. But at the bottom of the companion Cap'n Drury halted suddenly, gave a hoarse cry and flung up one arm over his face, recoiling so that he lurched heavily against Sol Saradine's knees. The Jew bent down to stare over the other man's shoulder into that little brightly lighted enclosure, and he says that the place was unoccupied, the three bunks (like sepulchral niches in a wall) untouched, the oilcloth-covered table in the middle of the cabin bare, save that Drury's parchment treasure chart, which usually never left his person and was guarded like his life, lay open there—an astonishing piece of carelessness. There were tiny pools of water beside it on the oilcloth, as if wet arms had rested there. Sol Saradine says he saw them quite distinctly in the bright light of the swinging lamp.

WITHOUT taking his eyes from the table, Cap'n Drury put one hand behind him as if to thrust his companion away, and the hand was shaking violently. He said in a kind of whisper:

"Go! Leave me alone with him." And at those inexplicable words the Jew says the back of his head turned suddenly cold and he felt his hair beginning to bristle. He can not explain it, and he betrays keen shame over it, but he was seized all at once by blind, shivering horror. He turned about, scrambled in mad haste up the steps of the companion, ran across the deck, and leaped ashore. Then he ran again until he had reached the friendly lights of the nearest bar, which was also a sailor's lodging-house, and there he spent the remainder of that night.

Some time during the dark hours Drury seems to have written up his private log, for I find inscribed there:

"MARCH 30, '03.

"This evening young Piers Drury, my nephew, came aboard, him that I killed in the Sargasso Sea, and we talked about recovering the Spanish gold."

In the morning Sol Saradine, heartily ashamed of his fears and ascribing them to the last unnecessary drink of the evening before, went aboard the *Aida* to make his peace. But the skipper did not seem to realize that he had been absent. Cap'n Drury, looking quite himself, indeed with a more peaceful face than he had shown in many a month, sent him ashore again to order quantity of gasoline, saying that he meant to sail before noon, in ballast. The Jew asked where. The skipper smiled upon him—Drury *smiled*, and said:

"To the Sargasso Sea."

THE following nine days of that voyage eastward remain even now, I can see, in Sol Saradine's mind, a sort of nightmare. He does not like to talk about them. It was not that Cap'n Drury was difficult to get on with: he was less difficult than ever before—softer-spoken, more considerate of those about him, almost gentle in his bearing. But in the evening, when the swinging lamp was lighted over the stripped, oilcloth-covered table, then Drury would sit down with the treasure chart before him and talk earnestly for hours to the empty air across the table.

Further, the place was always wet—and cold. Little pools of water stood on the floor and on the table. When mopped up others came in their place.

Sol Saradine bore it to the breaking point, then slung a hammock between decks under the main hatch, and berthed there. The skipper made no comment on the change, if indeed he ever noticed it, for he was very absent-minded of late. However, when the cabin-boy had hysterics and refused to enter that chill, damp place again, Drury awoke from his apathy, flogged the youth soundly, and thereafter, without further complaint, the meals were served, the slops were emptied, and the bunk—yes, two bunks were made.

So on the eighth of April (bear that date in mind!) they came once more to the dismal, weedy sea, furled their sails, and entered it. Once more they passed the melancholy, dismantled hulls that had been ships and were now roosting-places for pelagic fowl. The wind dropped and the air was heavy with the reek of corruption. Toward the end of the third day they made out the two bare masts, ap-

roached them, and anchored there. The sun went down, I am told, in a torn welter of blood, and round the *Aida*, as dusk came on, the sea-birds wailed incessantly.

Sol Saradine, it appears, asked the skipper if he wished the diving gear brought up out of the hold, and made ready for use. Drury regarded him with the mild bewilderment latterly characteristic, and said yes; so the Jew spent what remained of the daylight over this task and afterward walked the deck in some perturbation of spirit. He took it that the skipper himself meant to go down since there was no one else on board who had even so much as tried on a helmet, but he was quite sure Drury was in no state for such difficult and exacting work. The man was about half crazy, Sol Saradine considered, and he wondered if it might not be held justifiable to clap him in irons and make straight for the nearest consular port.

H E says he tramped the deck for some hours, considering these matters, screwing up his courage almost to the point of action and then losing hold of it again, cursing himself for having shipped on board the *Aida*, for not having demanded a discharge at Galveston. He walked and pondered alone there until late in the night, when the crew were long asleep in their bunks, and the lookout forward was asleep too, bent over the anchor windlass.

He says he was just about to take himself to his hammock when he saw Drury emerge from the cabin companion and walk aft along the deck in the moonlight. He walked, it seems, in a peculiar fashion—two or three hurried steps, then a halt and a hanging back, as if he went reluctantly. It was, says Sol Saradine, exactly as an unwilling little child is dragged along by the hand—only Drury seemed to be alone.

The Jew keeping, as well as he might under cover, followed that fantastically progressing figure down the deck, and once called aloud to it, for he thought the man might be walking in his sleep. Cap'n Drury paid no heed to the hail, but went on in that odd gait, stumbling and leaning back with so extraordinary an appearance of being dragged by a force greater than his own that the mate stared and rubbed his eyes, and at last called out again, in a louder voice this time.

T HE stumbling figure, with the mate hovering uncertainly some distance behind, came at last to a break in the rail where the dinghy lay at the bottom of a sea-ladder, and halted there with what looked like a violent effort. He had so far been silent, though breathing hard and fast, but when he came to that break in the rail quite suddenly he threw up his arms and cried his wife's name:

"Margaret! Margaret!" He seemed to be calling upon her for help in utmost need, and his voice screamed out upon the still night with a shocking clamor—hoarse, dreadful shrieks that seemed to tear their way out of his throat. The awakened waterfowl began to screech, too, round about the schooner in the darkness.

Sol Saradine dashed forward with a shout, but before he could reach the spot where the skipper stood the man was gone with a swift, unnatural violence; not—says the Jew—as if he had fallen or leaped from the deck, but as if he had been jerked away by a rope about his body. There was a great splash at the bottom of the sea-ladder, a final bubbling cry, and then no more.

The lookout, thoroughly awake now, came running aft along the deck, and he and Sol Saradine sprang into the dinghy and pushed off from the schooner's side. They rowed round and round, watching the still surface of the sea for half an hour or more, then went back on board. The mate looked at his watch, and it was half-past eleven.

THAT is about all I have to tell. Sol Saradine brought the *Aida* back to Fairford and turned her over to the authorities there. He kept in his possession the parchment treasure chart which he had found on the floor of the cuddy, but I doubt if he will ever make use of it, for he has retired from the sea now and cultivates his garden; also the very sound of the name Sargasso makes him shiver.

Margaret Drury is dead, and I have a queer thing to tell about that, which I got from old Mrs. Saltonstall. She passed away on the night of the eighth of April. She had been asleep for some hours, and old Mrs. Saltonstall, her volunteer nurse, was nodding in her chair. She says that while the hall clock was striking eleven Margaret Drury suddenly awoke, laughed aloud, and died.

Eleven o'clock on the night of April 8.

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The American Newspaper

(Continued from page 16)

on his own city; for when one is telling the whole truth the others must be chary of half-truths. But that also is a mighty parlous undertaking at present.

We may assume then, with all the certainty which ever attaches to prophecy, that we must go on for a time as we are going at present, with newspapers published to make money, their investment closely allied to "big business," with the real producers of journalism arranged in groups, each under the dominance of a capitalist.

In the profession itself lies our greatest hope. In spite of all commercial tendencies, its personnel and intelligence are improving year by year. Visiting from newspaper shop to newspaper shop last year, I was struck with the general and noble dissatisfaction of the men over the present condition in their craft. It was not the whine of the half-baked old-time newspaper man—"this is a rotten business!" They are coming to realize the importance of their profession, its usefulness, its potential standing. Their dissatisfaction is only disgust for a control which forces the reporter to drop a "good story" because it leads to the iniquity of some "friend" of the paper, which forces the editorial writer to write against all his opinions because the source of income is involved. The sentiment is young, but growing; it has not yet crystallized in results. In ten years of journalism, I have not known five writers for the daily press who left their employment over a matter of opinion.

The British Idea

THEY order those things better in Britain. The best English journalists will not take dictation from the sources of revenue, and will not write against their opinions. When a London newspaper changes editorial policy, switches from Whig to Tory, for example, the editorial writers resign as a matter of course. No such code in this country! Some of the most bigoted Republican Protectionist editorials of these times proceed from the pens of Socialists and Single Taxers.

It is a great deal to expect—but there is some hope that we may get the higher code into American journalism. When that time arrives, the brains of the profession—and in no human activity is brain related so directly to profit—will refuse to suppress or color truth for greed of revenue. Then the system will cure itself. Let us take an analogy from medicine, that profession so admirable on its ethical side that it has lately, through its "preventative work," set about to reduce its own source of revenue. Suppose a business man of great wealth, cleverness, and enterprise were to arise and say: "These fellows don't get half the money out of it that they might. Look at all the cheap cases they take! I'll get them together. I'll start a medical institute in every city, offering the doctors better money than they're getting now. I'll have a corner on doctors. I'll advertise 'em, I'll exploit 'em, and I'll force the public to pay what it's worth to save life! And I'll make millions for myself." The plan is perfectly feasible, except for one thing: no physician of ability and reputation would give it a moment's countenance. That journalism will reach this height is improbable; the very haphazard nature of journalistic education makes against it. But with every notch it rises, corrupt commercialism in newspaper-making will fall a corresponding notch.

Indeed, were the abler among the younger generation of journalists free to go forth and start newspapers of their own, we might find at once a corrective for the gagged press. A single journal telling the truth to its community will cure the "suppression habit." When the lottery fight was on in New Orleans, every newspaper of that city was so deeply influenced by its capital, its advertising revenue, and its social connections that none told the truth. The reformers started the "New Delta," which they sold on the day after the lottery was buried. In it they told the people of New Orleans what was going on; and this one clear voice of truth prevailed.

The Million-Dollar Phantom

UNFORTUNATELY young brain is no more generally associated with old accumulation of wealth in journalism than in any other form of industrial activity. Also, there is a general impression that it takes a million dollars to start a city newspaper; and the stable old publishers who hold the business under their control have done nothing to remove that impression. The youth with a free message has no million dollars; if he manages to borrow it, he must go, usually, to the very institutions which pull the wires on his contemporaries.

(Concluded on page 25)

That million-dollar valuation is a bugaboo, however. There is reason for believing that a city newspaper can begin small and grow large like any other commercial institution. E. W. Scripps, than whom no other man sees further into a newspaper "business proposition," has said:

"All two young men need to start a newspaper is a basement, a second-hand press, four linotype machines, and a message!" And, indeed, his experience proves his maxim. Mr. Scripps experimented for many years with many kinds of newspapers. In his middle age he began his "string." He picks a town which needs "shaking up" and selects from his organization an editor and a business manager whom he thinks adequate to the task. He establishes them in humble quarters with the second-hand press and the linotype machines, gives them a small salary and a block of stock, and puts them to work. Now he controls twenty-two newspapers, all but two or three started on this plan. And here is the significant general fact about them: *none of his successful papers has cost more than \$30,000 to start.* I have, from the Scripps organization, figures concerning the Dallas "Dispatch." It is four years old; it claims a circulation of 12,000 in a city of 92,000 population—a circulation great enough to get any truth to the people. It cost \$17,000 to establish the "Dispatch." In its fourth year, the editor, who owns twenty per cent of the stock, made more from his shares than from his salary. "Any young newspaper man who is thoroughly sincere and intelligent," says Mr. Scripps, "can with \$10,000 or \$20,000 found a people's newspaper and outstrip in the race for popular favor any old-established journal which depends only on the wealth of its owners and the favor of the so-called capitalist class." Of this there is one serious qualification. Behind the Scripps newspapers is Scripps experience and the marvelous Scripps business method. The zealous young independent publisher must start without that.

One institution which has been a jewel of American journalism stands now in the road of the ambitious young publisher—the Associated Press. Axiomatically, you can not run a newspaper on local news alone. And in some cities which need fresh newspapers just now, the situation in the press bureaus, which supply news of the outer world, forbids new journalism.

The Trouble With the "A. P."

WHEN Victor Lawson and others gathered up the wreckage of the old press bureaus in the late nineties, and formed the new Associated Press, they needed funds. It was part of their policy to make an Associated Press franchise valuable. They issued bonds; and the newspapers which took these original bonds were given forty-one votes in convention, against one vote to the newspapers which came in later. These original purchasers nearly all represented that "commercial" brand of publisher which rose after the Civil War; and they have controlled the organization ever since. The radical publishers, first fruit of insurgency in the younger generation, have tilted at this control from time to time, but with no success. The conservative majority, strong in commercial wisdom, put into the constitution the "right of protest." This article, stripped of its complexities, means that the original members may unite to shut out any newcomer from their field. A suit at law made them modify this rule. Now, the applicant protested by his elder rivals may appeal to the annual meeting; and if he gets a five-sixths vote, his petition is granted. He never does get such a majority, of course. New York votes against the applicant from St. Louis, that St. Louis may vote against the next applicant from New York. Nothing except outright purchase of a newspaper could get to-day an Associated Press franchise in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, St. Louis, or any other of the greater American cities. Melville B. Stone, a genius at conciliation, took charge of the organization. He was a tremendous success. He made it without doubt the most efficient press bureau in the world. Even now, when respect for the mighty sources of news is slanting it toward the side of the powerful, it is, for freedom, as a yeoman to a slave beside most European press bureaus. For time it had no competition worth considering. And the Associated Press franchise to a morning newspaper, from a mere piece of paper, has become a tangible asset—worth from \$50,000 to \$250,000 in most big cities. At these figures it can be bought, sold, or mortgaged like a piece of real estate. That consideration, if nothing else, kept the founders true to the "right of pro-



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The Average Man's Money A Page for Investors

Investors and the South

HERE is a comparison of earnings of six railroads in the South in 1910 and 1901:

	1910	1901
Ill. Central.....	\$57,884,721	\$36,900,000
South. Railway..	57,294,508	34,660,482
Louis. & Nash..	52,433,382	28,022,206
Seab'd Air Line..	20,856,374	10,929,051
*At. Coast Line..	29,810,268	7,915,099
Cen. of Georgia.	12,122,527	6,920,714

*Mileage increased from 1,765 to 4,380.

Very properly, A. G. Edwards & Sons, who have made this comparison, point to it as one of the surest indications of the rapid growth of business in the South. Another compilation from the figures of the last census is also worth seeing by the investor who turns his attention to Southern securities. It shows the growth of population in the last ten years in the Southern States:

Alabama	17 per cent
Arkansas	20 " "
Florida	42 " "
Georgia	18 " "
Kentucky	7 " "
Louisiana	20 " "
Texas	28 " "
Mississippi	16 " "
Tennessee	8 " "
Missouri	6 " "
All United States	21 " "

Much financing—of public utility and manufacturing corporations, of municipalities, of steam and interurban electric roads, of water power and mining enterprises—will be required in the South within the next few years, for the business revival is just getting under way. A very large proportion of the bonds and stocks issued to raise needed money will be put on the market on terms that should attract the experienced investor.

Try the experiment of asking your banker friend what he thinks of the South as an investment field.

A Desirable Extension

THE manner in which some of the largest banks are entering into the business of selling securities amazes the old-school fellows. The trust companies, with their broad charters, first enlarged the scope of banking, and now the national banks are trying to go as far as their charters will let them in making some of the money that has been pouring into the trust companies.

The little investor is quite flattered to receive in his morning mail a letter from the vice-president of the National City Bank or the Guaranty Trust Co., recommending to him the purchase of some new bonds or short-term notes. If the investor wants to know more about the security, the vice-president will place at his disposal the statistical department of the institution; in fact the official of the great banking institution wants it known that he is ready at all times to answer any questions that may occur to the investor regarding any securities in the market. If the investor is in New York, and wants to know a great deal about any corporation, he is at liberty to go to the bank and make use of its library, where all the financial statistics of the day are kept up to date.

"The bank also issues pamphlets, circulars, and bound volumes on securities and financial subjects in general, and these may be had for the asking."

—Boston News Bureau.

Invest with the Child

By EDWARD AUTEN, Jr.

ADEQUATE return and safety of principal are the two important considerations that ought to influence a parent in investing for the benefit of a child. However, both are so hard to judge that the deciding factors should depend upon

the early formation of proper financial habits by the child.

Begin with your boy young. Get a metal savings-bank from some institution in your city and teach him to put coins in it. Take him to the bank to see his safe opened and the contents counted. And if, even on a busy day, your banker does not greet him and his pint of pennies and nickels, burnt matches, buttons, safety-pins, and talcum powder like a captain of finance back from vacation, take him to some banker who will.

Later put him on an allowance and see that he saves most of it. If this requires effort on your part, remember that it will never be easier. A savings pass-book or interest-bearing certificates of deposit should supplement and eventually supersede the metal bank.

When it becomes necessary to look for investments, take the boy into your confidence. Go over the possibilities, bad as well as good, in detail. Get his own opinions and follow them when prudent. Above all, invest in something he can see. His pride of ownership will be an incentive to further thrift.

The chief investments should be made for stability of income and principal, yet he should employ some capital in business risks. A lemonade stand, a flock of chickens, a garden plot, and later vacant real estate or industrial shares bought outright are possibilities.

Such a plan should yield better than 4 per cent in cash, and far more in deferred dividends. It need not be as arduous for your boy or girl as to learn table manners.

Peoria, Illinois.

Massachusetts Corporations

SAYS the recent report of Clinton H. Scovell on the Board of Railway Commissioners and the Board of Gas and Electric Light Commissioners of Massachusetts: "New England generally, and certainly Massachusetts, in dealing with public-service corporations, no longer encourages competition, but relies more and more on a policy of regulated monopolies." In some detail, Mr. Scovell's report to Governor Foss shows that the Board of Railway Commissioners, who are supposed to control the question of bond and stock issues and therefore very largely deter-

Public Interest in Railroad Securities

BY JULIUS KRUTTSCHNITT

Director of Maintenance and Operation of the U. P. and S. P. Railways

The average man fortunate enough to have savings to invest faces a dilemma. If he wishes the security of a Government bond he must be satisfied with two and a half to three per cent interest. This will not satisfy the average man. He wants a higher return on his money, and in seeking an investment surrounded with every reasonable safeguard he should consider the bonds and stocks of the railroads of his own country

FOR our four and a half per cent thoroughly safe returns may be obtained from the bonds of our principal railroad corporations. These bonds are secured in every way that the ingenuity of our ablest bankers and financiers can suggest, so that in case of default of interest the payment of the principal is assured. Should a still higher rate be desired, an investor can buy stocks of steam railroads which at the present time yield about five per cent on the purchase price. In this form of investment he becomes a partner or part owner of the railroad, has a voice in the management of the property, and can impress his views on the directors in exact proportion to his fractional ownership. As a voter he has already embodied in existing laws his views as to what rates shall be charged, how the accounts shall be kept, and has prescribed details of management that greatly affect operating expenses; by the purchase of stock he obtains a voice in all matters left to the control of owners, so that in his dual capacity he can entirely control the possible returns on his investment.

The large increase in number of stockholders in American roads in recent years evidences the fact that the average man has already considered these questions, has found conditions attractive and is acting on his judgment of them. The improved relations between the railroads and their patrons are no doubt due to this tendency of the average man to invest in railroad securities and to familiarize himself with railroad operations. Without doubt much of the friction that has existed between the public and the railways, has been due to a misunderstanding of the so-called "Railroad Problem," and would disappear if more of our citizens held such interests in the railroads as to make them speak of them as *our railroads, our stations, our shops, just as they speak of our parks, our fire department, our city hall.*

The effect of such investments is strikingly illustrated by a story that is told of a Mr. Dixon, who went to New Haven for a day to visit his son at Yale. Being unexpectedly detained, he spent the night with his son at his boarding-house.

The next morning at the breakfast table he happened to look out of the window and noticed a N. Y., N. H. & H. RR. box-car standing on a side track near the house. He said: "I suppose that car has been here for a week; see, the roof is covered with snow." The landlady, who sat at the head of the table, interrupted him with the remark: "You are mistaken about that, Mr. Dixon; that car was put on the siding last evening, and it snowed during the night; the N. Y., N. H. & H. RR. handles its freight cars very promptly."

Mr. Dixon learned afterward that the landlady owned two shares of stock in the N. Y., N. H. & H. RR.

Bank stocks are attractive investments, but the values of these properties have increased to such an extent, that though the dividend rate is high, the return on market price is materially lower than on railroad stocks. The investor in railroad stocks, with faith in the justice of his fellow citizens, can expect thorough improvement of the physical properties, broad development of traffic, and general enhancement of values throughout the country, an increase in the return on his investment which will add substantially to his dividend rate.

There is, of course, a disposition to deny to railroad property the increment of value that inures to the benefit of other property, but the courts have not endorsed this view and, in the end, the majority of the people no doubt will do what is right and the investor in the stock of a well-managed railroad runs little risk of ever seeing his property worth less than it is at the present time.

mine dividend payments, have not done their work well. Information that should be available to the public is suppressed, and exceedingly meager are the records which exist of conferences between railroad officials and the Commissioners when new capital was authorized.

To Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, is credited this same expression concerning proper regulation of public utilities: "State control or regulation should be of such a character as to encourage the highest possible standard in plant, the utmost extension of facilities, the highest efficiency in service and rigid economy in operation, and to that end should allow rates that will warrant the highest wages for the best service, some reward for high efficiency in administration, and such certainty of return on investment as will induce investors not only to retain their securities but to supply at all times all the capital needed to meet the demands of the public."

Theoretically, public-service companies chartered by States that have created special commissions to watch them should be well conducted. Their securities ought to be safe and of a fairly uniform value. Undoubtedly, at some future time, this theory will merge into fact. Meanwhile, it is a point for the investor to remember that Massachusetts has a more thorough supervision over public-service corporations, through commissions, than any other State. And most of what the commissions know is information that anybody has a right to ask for.

A Good Resolution

AN example that might be followed by other newspapers with profit to their readers is the San Diego, California, "Sun." In its issue of June 19 last, the "Sun" made this announcement:

"The 'Sun' wishes to announce that hereafter it will not print any advertisements of stock promotion or stock sales. Some time ago the 'Sun' decided to print no more advertisements of oil-promotion companies or plans, though, of course, many of them are legitimate in every way, as San Diegans well know. This rule is now extended to cover stock sales and stock promotion of all kinds. The fact that this will include many enterprises which are absolutely legitimate is willingly admitted. The 'Sun,' however, has no way of determining in all cases which enterprises are good and which are doubtful or worse, and, rather than mislead its readers in any case, will exclude all. Those which are legitimate and are good investments will have no trouble in getting financial support."

Courage and the right sort of consideration for readers appear in this resolution. May the San Diego "Sun" type increase rapidly!

Aviation Stock—Beware!

HERE come the aviators with stock to sell. Promoters are hastening to make capital of the genuine widespread interest in the new and wonderful art of flying. Almost simultaneously, two companies are out with stock that is advertised in the old, familiar way—buy now and win fabulous profits. One is exploiting the name of Henry Farman, the other is called the Moisant International Aviators. These are the pioneers—undoubtedly, the tribe will increase as fast as it is possible for experienced promoters to secure the names of flyers of repute to exploit in pushing the sale of stock.

At the real good things in the line of building and operating flying machines the public, of course, will not get a chance—not for a long time at least. To pay money for such stock as is now offered for general purchase is to risk it foolishly. There is not one real chance in a hundred that any return will come to the buyer.

Why Waste Your Energies



sweeping with a corn broom, when at a small cost you can procure a BISSELL Sweeper? No woman prefers a corn broom to a carpet sweeper, but under the mistaken idea that it's more economical she continues sweeping in the old, laborious, back-breaking way. For every reason, including that of economy, the

BISSELL CARPET SWEOPER

is the only satisfactory appliance for daily use on carpets and rugs, and if you will take a few moments to consider its merits you will not let a day pass until you have purchased one.

The "BISSELL" lessens the labor of sweeping 95%, brightens and preserves your carpets and rugs, raises no dust, making sweeping a pleasant task instead of a drudgery.

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Largest and Only Exclusive Carpet Sweoper Makers in the World.



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ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

The American Newspaper

(Concluded from page 23)

test"; for if you make the Associated Press free to all comers, you wipe out this piece of property at one stroke.

The Scripps newspapers, as they began to dot the West, gathered up from several old ventures a service of their own—now called the United Press—which they maintained as a general press bureau. They have only an "evening wire," however. Still, within three years they have begun to disturb the Associated Press. They have already made an evening Associated Press franchise almost valueless. Most of those founders with forty-one votes in convention owned morning papers, and they had put in the constitution such rules about hours of delivery as seriously embarrassed evening Associated Press newspapers—for example, the wire "closed" for the evening service at four o'clock, and it was impossible to publish the late sporting news, such as baseball and football scores, except by purchasing it from the telegraph companies. The United, taking full advantage of this fact, kept cutting into the Western territory. The United has hardly attempted as yet to cover the territory east of Ohio. In the West, however, it is growing fast—far faster than its rival. It is a private concern, run for immediate gain, while the Associated Press is cooperative. This handicaps the United Press. Although its point of view is far less influenced by power and place than that of the Associated Press, it is as yet, owing to its youth, less efficient.

"Mouthpiece of an Older Stock"

IN the morning field—and here grow the newspapers of most general service to public intelligence—there is still no rival of equal strength. The New York "Sun" Press Bureau, called also the Laffan Bureau, is a supplementary bureau, useful to enrich the other services because it gets illuminated "Sun" writing into the news. The Hearst bureau distributes Hearst news; that does very well for the avowedly yellow newspaper, but it does not satisfy general needs. Hearst is extending this bureau; he may in time modify its policy to make it available for all kinds of newspapers; it is too early as yet to tell. But until something happens to break the "right of protest" in the Associated Press, until there arises a general morning and evening press bureau from which any newspaper may draw by paying the tolls, the way to directing journalism will be barred, in many cities and States, for the young man of brains, enterprise, and purpose who can not buy a newspaper outright.

And, indeed, this quandary stands for a general criticism of the American press. Most of the faults which I have enumerated in showing the darker side of our wonderfully able, wonderfully efficient, and wonderfully powerful daily journalism, might all be gathered under the cover of this one generic fault—take it by and large, it does not speak to its generation. It is the mouthpiece of an older stock; it lags behind the thought of its times.

For in the uninterrupted flow of the coming and going of men, time somehow arranges generations like the generations of a family. We had one such after the Civil War. The men of that day broke ground. They performed miraculous labors; they tamed a continent. In the dust and scuffle of their war with unharvested nature, they took little time to analyze the finer moral questions, or to consider the ends to which their warfare led. They worshipped success and its rewards; the stories which made their hearts glow were stories of poor boys grown rich and great—they never inquired how. John D. Rockefeller was long, to his own generation, the pattern for youth that he is to himself.

"We of the Thirties"

THEN, after that little Spanish War, so poor in action, so rich in consequences, a new earth held up its smoky hands to the same old heaven. We in our thirties and forties, who are now doing and directing the work of America, are not nearly so respectful toward immediate success. We found the continent broken and tamed; we are considering the new forces loosed by the work of the nineteenth century, and wondering how we may reduce them to the power of law before they overwhelm us. It may be a less able generation; it is surely a more moral one. And our chief concern with such a phenomenon as John D. Rockefeller is to see that no one ever repeats his kind of success.

To us of this younger generation our daily press is speaking, for the most part, with a dead voice, because the supreme power resides in men of that older generation. Could the working journalists of our own age tell us as frankly as they wished what they think and see and feel about the times, we should have only minor points to criticize in American journalism.

ARTCRAFT



PRETTIEST THING In My Home is a Macey Book Cabinet

To set one of the new Macey Book Cabinets in your home is to set before your children an example of such good taste that throughout all the days of their lives they will feel its refining influence.

Macey Book Cabinets are the first sectional bookcases ever built after the designs of the old masters. These old masters, Sheraton, Chippendale, Robert Adam and Fra Junipero, were as great in Furniture as Shakespeare in Literature, as Mozart in Music, as Michael Angelo in Painting.

The new Macey Book Cabinets are the only sectional bookcases that can be added to, both upward and sideways, and still not look like sectional bookcases, but like heirlooms of furniture. Can be taken from or rearranged without destroying their beauty and style.

So artful is the cabinet work that dealers frequently have to take them apart to convince customers that they are sectional.

Macey old master designs harmonize with any furniture you now have, and are made in such variety of popular prices, sizes, woods and finishes, that they fit any requirement of space or purse.

Macey Sectional Book Cabinets are built under the direction of Mr. O. H. L. Wernicke, the father of sectional bookcases and President of The Macey Company. Mr. Wernicke's name is still used in the corporate title of a competing firm, with which he has long since had no connection.

If you wish to give your home and your children the most inspiring influence you ever gave them, you will go to a furniture store and see these new Macey Book Cabinets before you forget it.

Or send for the new Macey Style Book and price list. It is the most complete and extensive work published on the subject of sectional bookcases, giving the history of their invention, manufacture and development, as well as suggestions on library decoration and arrangement. It also contains the following original articles by the "Father of Sectional Bookcases," O. H. L. Wernicke—"Get Acquainted With Your Furniture;" "What Constitutes Good Furniture;" "The Forces Which Govern Furniture Development;" "Origin of the Unit Idea."

Address The Macey Company, No. 952 South Division Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

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The Most Progressive Step in the History of the Industry

HE introduction of our new five-passenger fore-door touring car (Model 59) at \$900 is probably the greatest single manufacturing stride ever made in this or any other industry. It is an industrial leap directly due to the remarkable and economical progress of a giant institution.

QTo start with, this car is a real automobile—not a little, frail, cramped machine, but a good, big, roomy car that is ample for five passengers. And as a matter of fact it has more power than you will probably ever care to use. The motor is the famous Overland type— $4 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ —and will develop greater power than any other of a similar bore and stroke. It has the fashionable fore-door body with door handles inside and with center control. And what is more it is built right—having the strength of cars that cost twice the price.

QIn every respect it is beautifully finished. The upholstering is of good leather stuffed with hair. All trimmings are of the finest materials available. This new model from every possible comparative standpoint is the greatest value for the money that has ever been placed on the market.

QPeople are apt to wonder why other manufacturers cannot equal this value. It is for just this reason: All manufacturing progress is due to better and larger manufacturing facilities; the most efficient methods of handling men, and the economical marketing of goods. As any business increases its production costs decrease. The larger a factory output becomes, the better economical methods of manufacturing can be incorporated in the business.

QPins, locomotives, toothpicks or automobiles can all be made at less cost when manufactured in great quantities than if made piece-meal. Materials—steel, leather, hair, rubber, etc.,—can all be bought at rock bottom prices if purchased in the greatest quantities. These are existing commercial facts. No man can dispute them.

QThe Overland plants are the greatest of their kind in the world. We employ more men—use more labor-saving automatic machinery and buy our raw materials in greater quantities than any other manufacturer. Our output is 20,000 cars a year. It costs about as much for the 5,000-car factory to sell its output as it does for the factory making 20,000 cars, consequently the cost of each car of the 20,000-car factory is one-fourth that of the 5,000-car factory and the man who buys an Overland pockets the difference.

QThe Willys-Overland Company has no fixed indebtedness or bonds. It has no heavy interest dates to fear. The stock is *all owned by its president—John N. Willys*. He personally directs the entire organization.

QOur enormous facilities, our mechanical investment of millions, our great purchasing power and efficient and economical selling organization makes it possible for us to produce the remarkable value that we offer in our new five-passenger "30" touring car at \$900. We are positive that no other manufacturer today can produce this car and sell it at this price, except at financial loss.

QWrite for a catalog B 27 describing this car. It will be worth your while. This year we have 9 body styles, including runabouts, roadsters, small and large touring cars, torpedoes and coupes. Horsepower runs from 25 to 45. Prices, \$850 to \$2000.

The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio

Overland

Five Passenger Touring Car

30 H.P. \$900

Specifications

MODEL 59

The \$900 car is made in two body styles—five-passenger fore-door touring car, two-passenger torpedo roadster.

Wheel base—105 inches

Tread—56 inches

Motor—4 inches by 4½ inches.

Cylinders cast separately. L-head type, large sized valves, valve springs enclosed in aluminum housings, push rods lubricated, insuring a sweet running, silent, powerful motor

Carburetor—Model L. Schebler (The best Schebler makes)

Horsepower—30

Transmission—Selective three speeds and reverse, center control, F. & S. Annular Ball Bearings

Clutch—Cone

Ignition—Two independent systems, Splitdorf magneto and battery, one set of plugs

Brakes—Internal expanding, external contracting, on rear wheels

Springs—Semi-elliptic front, three-quarter elliptic rear, 1¾ inch wide

Steering gear—Worm and segment adjustable, 16-inch wheel

Front axle—Drop forged I section

Rear axle—Semi-floating

Wheels—Artillery wood, 12 spokes, wide hub flanges

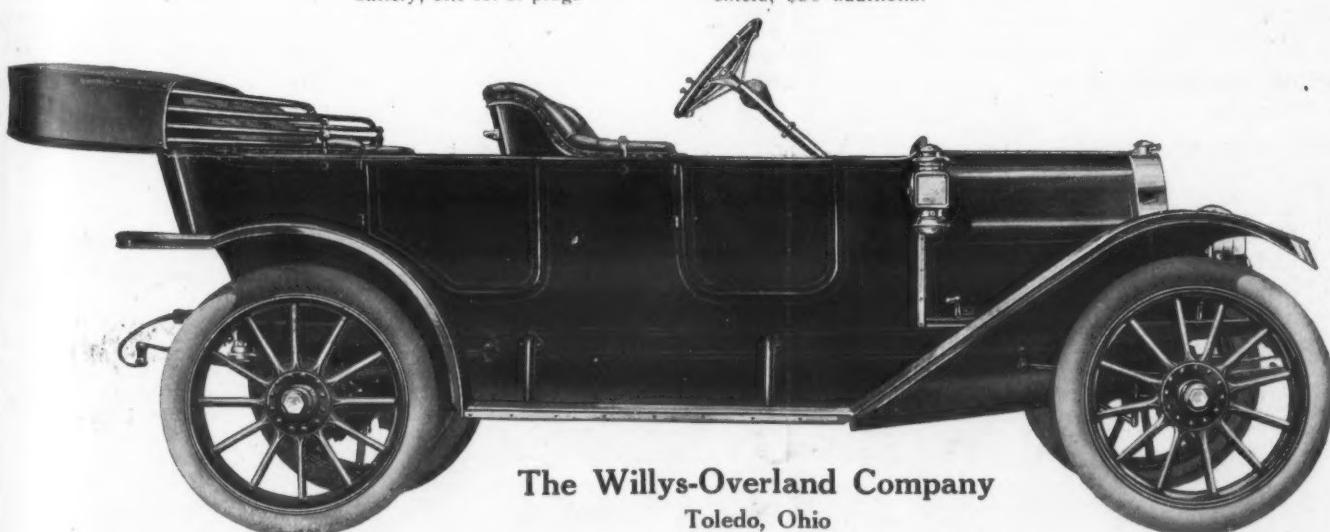
Spokes—1½-inch spokes, bolt for each spoke

Tires—32-inch by 3½-inch

Quick detachable tires—The most rational, quickest operated, longest-lived tires made

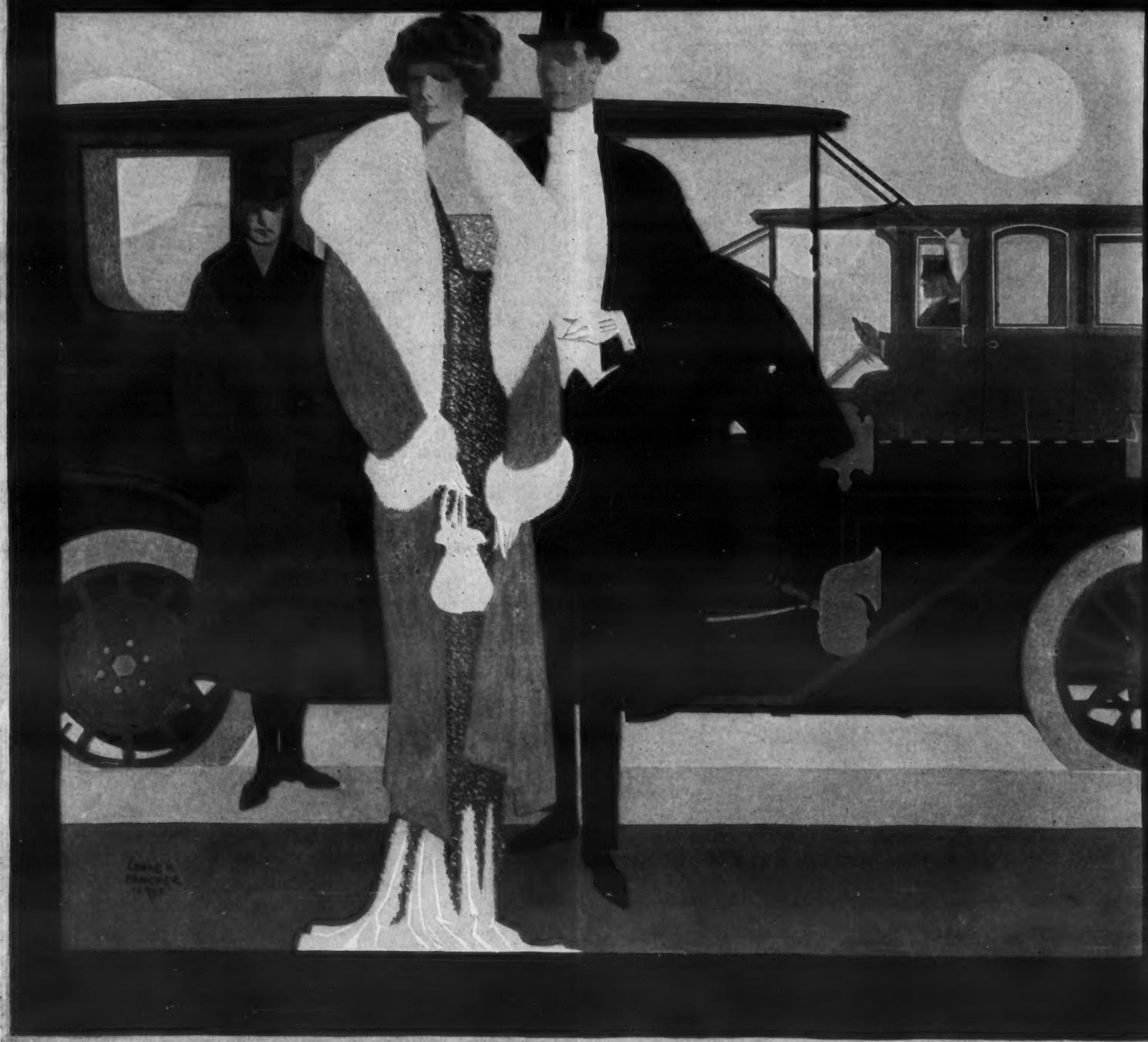
Frame—Pressed steel

Mohair top and glass wind shield, \$50 additional



The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio

Pierce-Arrow



At the Opera

THE Pierce-Arrow is admittedly the second choice of every maker of automobiles.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, BUFFALO, N.Y.